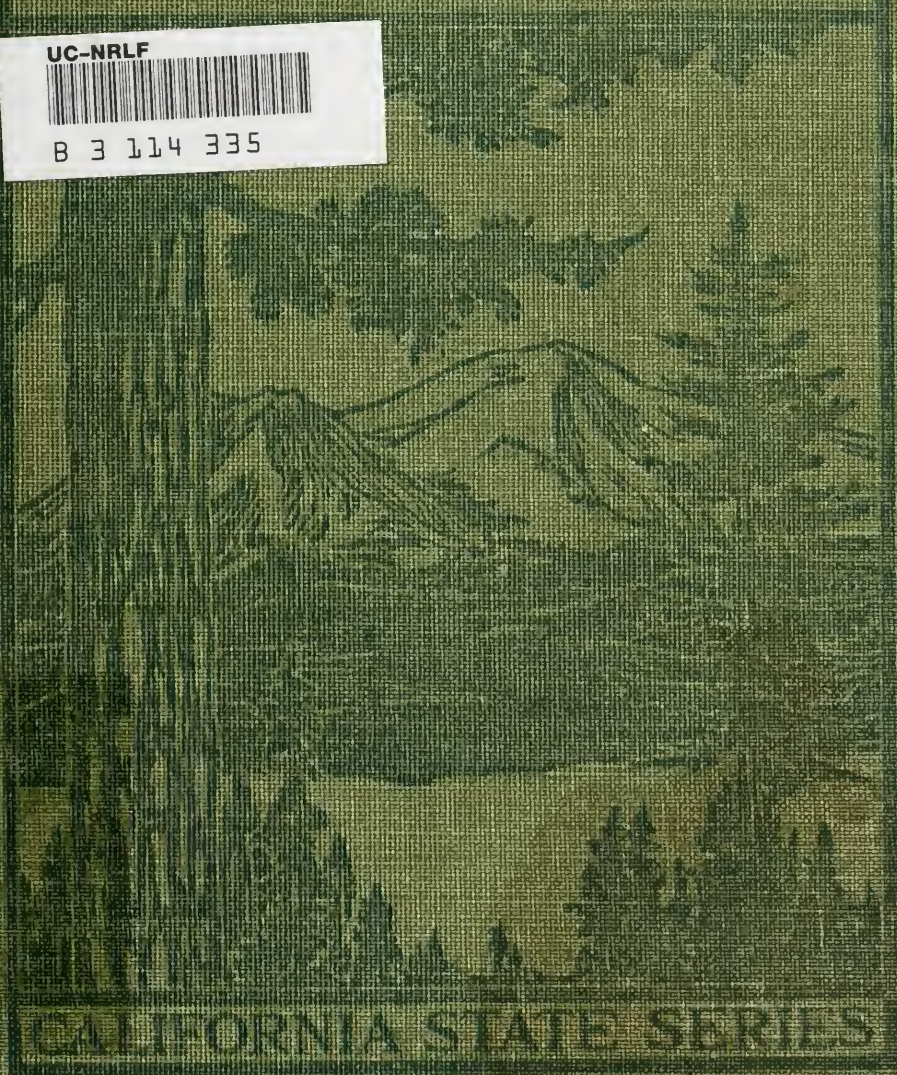
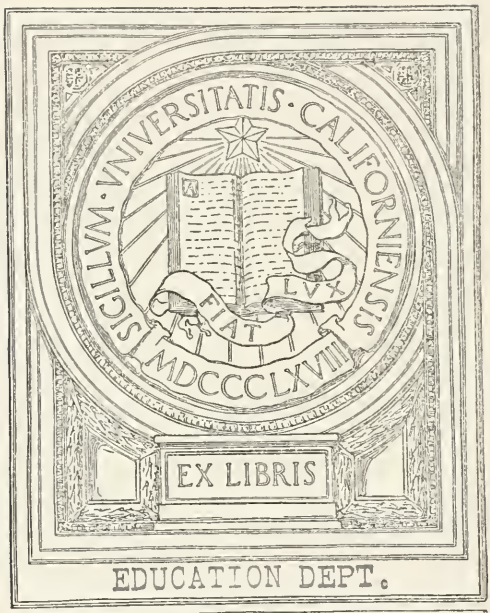
A THIRD READER

Brooks



CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES



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CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

A THIRD READER

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

REVISED BY

THE STATE TEXT-BOOK COMMITTEE

AND APPROVED BY

THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

SACRAMENTO

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CONTENTS

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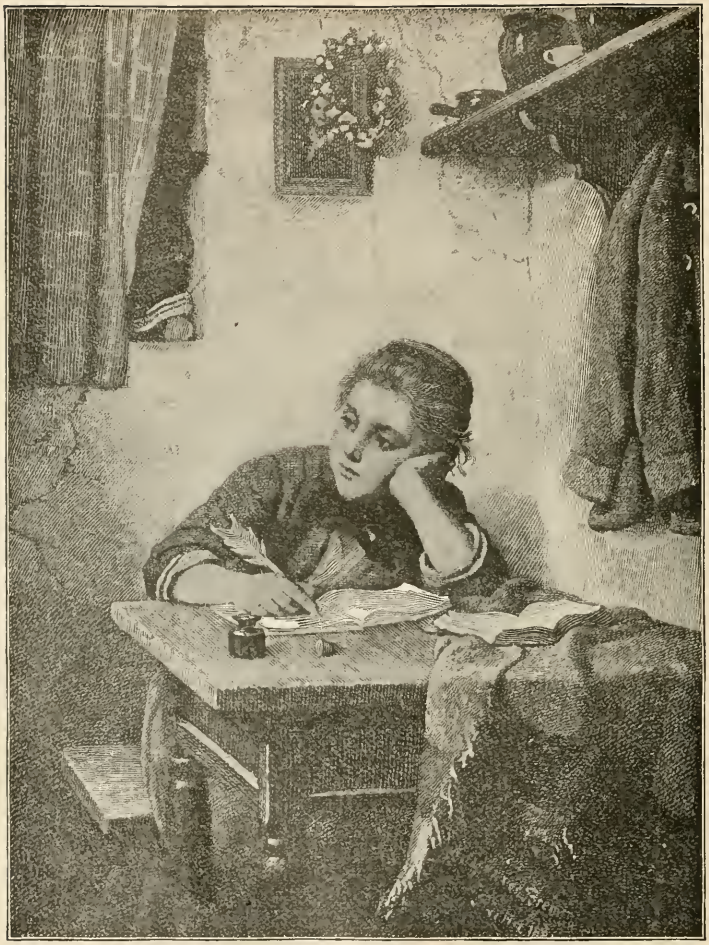


THE MAGIC WINDOWS

I

Did you ever hear of the Magic Windows? Those who look through them behold many strange and beautiful sights. If you will but make them your own, you may enter the fairyland of wonder and see all its rich treasures.

You ask me how you can do this? I will answer by telling you a story.

There was once a happy boy who played through the long summer days. And where he played the meadows were green, and the sky was blue, and the sunshine was bright.

On every side the flowers nodded like smiling playmates. Birds chirped to him from the bushes. The rabbits gave him a friendly look as they went leaping by. The squirrels watched him with bright eyes as they ran up and down the trees.

A little brook flowed through the meadows. On its sandy bed the happy boy found bright pebbles. His toy ships sailed proudly upon its waves or rested in the quiet harbors along its banks. Tiny fishes darted from their hiding places to eat the crumbs which he threw into the water.

"I wonder where the brook goes," said the happy boy. "I should like to follow it and see. How I wish the school bell would never call me from my play! I would rather sail my boat than learn to read, and I like the rabbits and squirrels better than my books."

II.

harbor	magic	curious	spun
crumbs	delight	slumber	cubs

The little brook heard the boy's words as it went flowing by. On its way to the great river it ran through a forest where fairyland was hidden. There it told the fairies of the happy boy and of his wishes.

By and by the sun went down and play-

time ended. Night came, and the Shut-eye train carried the boy far away to the Land of Slumber.

There a wise fairy met the happy boy. "Come with me," she said, "and I will let you look through Magic Windows into a land of wonders."

Through the Magic Windows the boy looked with delight. All the things that he had ever wished to see were before him. There were the hiding places of the wild birds. There were the animals that live in the fields and in the woods.

He could look into the birds' nests that hung on the tallest trees. He could peep into the holes where the squirrels kept their little ones.

He could see the mole digging long halls under ground. He could watch the spider as it spun the silk for its curious house.

Rabbits were hiding their young in the long grass, and little foxes were playing by their rocky dens.

He could even see the bear's cubs curled up like balls in the hollow trunks of trees.

III.

seal	reindeer	monkeys	crept
huge	dashing	elephants	hollow

"Look to the north," said the fairy.

And then the happy boy looked away over the great round world. He saw strange lands and strange people. Far off in the north he could see the land of snow and ice. There were the homes of the seal, the reindeer, and the white bear.

Children dressed in fur crept out of snow houses. They went dashing over the snow in sleds drawn by dogs.

Again the happy boy looked, and the wonder lands of the south lay before him. Gay flowers blossomed everywhere. Bright-colored birds found a safe home in the great forest.

He could see the lion and his mate in their home. Hundreds of monkeys played in the branches of the trees. Tigers ran through the tall grass, and huge elephants pushed their way among the trees and bushes.

Once more the happy boy looked through the Magic Windows, and oh, how wonderful!

He could see into fairy land where animals talk, and where the playthings are alive.

"Oh, kind fairy, let me stay here," said the happy boy. "I can not leave this land of wonders."

"Would you like to have the Magic Windows for your own?" asked the fairy. "Then listen well. When the school bell rings, it will call you to the land of books. Through the Magic Windows of your books you may see greater wonders than fairies can tell or fairy land can show."

Another day came with the rising sun. Once more the school bell rang. Gladly the happy boy left his play, for in his books he would find the Magic Windows.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl,
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

O, BIG round world, O, wide, wide world,
How wonderful you are.
Your oceans are so very deep,
Your hills reach up so far;
Down through your valleys wide and green,
Such mighty rivers flow;
Upon your great sky-reaching hills,
Such giant forests grow. — ALICE C. D. RILEY.

A WONDERFUL BALL

rough	surface	stretches	drifts
level	islands	feathery	dreary

I HAVE heard of a wonderful ball which floats in the sweet blue air, and has soft white clouds about it as it floats along.

There are many charming stories to be told about this wonderful ball. Some of them you shall hear.

It is so large that many houses are built upon it. Men and women live upon it, and little children can play upon its surface.

In some places it is soft and green, like the long meadows between the hills. In other parts there are trees for miles and miles on every side. All kinds of wild animals live in the great forests that grow on this wonderful ball.

Then again in some places it is steep and rough. And there are mountains so high that the snow lies upon their tops all the year around.

In other parts there are no hills at all, but level land, and quiet little ponds of blue water. There the white water lilies grow and fishes play among the lily stems.

Now, if we look on another side of the ball, we shall see no ponds, but something very dreary. A great plain of sand stretches away on every side. There are no trees, and the sunshine beats down upon the burning sand.

We look again, and we see a great body of water. Many islands are in the sea, and great ships sail upon it.

Look at one more side of this ball as it turns around. Jack Frost must have spent all his longest winter nights here. For see what a palace of ice he has built for himself.

How cold it looks! See the clear, blue ice, almost as blue as the sky. And look at the snow, drifts upon drifts, and the feathery flakes filling the air.

Now, what do you think of this ball, so white and cold, so warm and green, so dreary and rough, as it floats along in the sweet blue air, with the flocks of white clouds about it?

I will tell you one thing more. The wise men have said that this earth on which we live is just such a ball. We shall know more about this when we are older and wiser.

THE GREAT, WIDE WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

— William Brighty Rands.

FLOWERS THAT TELL TIME

sign	remained	refreshing	curls
jolly	nightgown	clambered	porch

Down in the grass plot of a pretty garden grew a little dandelion. He wore a green jacket, and his head was covered with sunny, yellow curls.

In the morning, he stood up boldly, lifting his jolly little face to catch the dewdrops. In this way he took his morning bath, and he found it very refreshing. At dusk he put on his green nightgown and went to bed very early.

The mothers said, as they called the children from their play, "See, there is the good dandelion! He knows when it is time to go to bed."

As the dandelion grew older, his yellow curls turned white. Then the children would blow — one, two, three times. If all the hairs

blew away, it was a sign that mother wanted them at once.

If there were ten hairs left, the children said, "Mother wants us at ten o'clock." If but two hairs remained, they said, "Mother will look for us at two o'clock."

When the children awoke in the morning, they saw the morning-glory cups peeping in at the windows. "Six o'clock! Time to get up!" they said. "The morning glories are calling us."

Every afternoon the four-o'clocks bloomed. Their red and white flowers told the children that their father would soon be home.

In the evening the moon flowers unfolded their great white blossoms on the vines that clambered over the porch. "Now it is bed-

time," said the children, "for the moon flowers are looking down at us."

All day long the time flowers, like our clocks, are telling us the time of day.

—Kate Louise Brown.

DANDELION

Dandelion, dandelion,
Where's your cup of gold?
Where's your jacket green and trim
That you wore of old?
Then you nodded to the birds
In a jaunty way,
And you danced to every tune
The breeze could play.

Dandelion, dandelion,
Age comes creeping on,
And your wig is snowy white,
Golden locks are gone;
But you've had a merry time
Since your days began,
And even now you're a cheery,
Blithe old man.

—George Cooper.

THE FARMER'S WHEAT FIELD

stalk	threshed	breeze	flour
plump	healthy	bearded	grain
forth	neighbor	thousand	cheer

THERE was once a stalk of wheat that grew in the middle of a field. It was very tall and it lifted its head high and nodded in the wind.

All around it were a thousand other stalks not quite so tall. Every one was looking up at the sun and bowing to its neighbor, and saying, "Good morning."

"How bright and golden we are!" said the tall stalk; "and how beautiful we look, standing together like a great army of soldiers! The sun shines to cheer us. And when the gentle rains fall, how sweet and refreshing they are!"

"Yes, yes!" said the other stalks, waving back and forth in the morning breeze. "All the world is very kind to us. We have nothing to do but to live and grow and become bright and golden like the sun."

"Ah," said the tall stalk. "It is true that we must live and grow and become yellow and golden. But after that, there must be something else for us to do."

The very next day the farmer came into the fields to look at his wheat. He took some of the bearded heads and rubbed them between his hands. They were full of plump, round, golden grains.

"What fine flour these will make, and what good bread for little Alice," he said. "The wheat is fully ripe and it must be cut at once."

Then all the golden-headed stalks waved back and forth in the wind. "Now we understand it all," they whispered. "It is for the sake of the farmer's fair little girl that we are here.

"She must live and grow and be healthy

and beautiful. There is nothing that can help her to do this so well as good bread made from the best of wheat."

Very soon the golden stalks were cut. The wheat was threshed and ground into the finest of flour. And then the flour was baked into fresh, white loaves of bread.

But little Alice did not know that her bread was made of the wheat that she had seen growing in the big field where the daisies bloomed. —W. E. Baldwin.

THE SONG OF THE WHEAT

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill the growing wheat
Nods on the breezy hill;
Over the wheat is the glowing sun
Ripening the heart of the grain;
Above the sun is the gracious God,
Sending the sunlight and rain.

THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

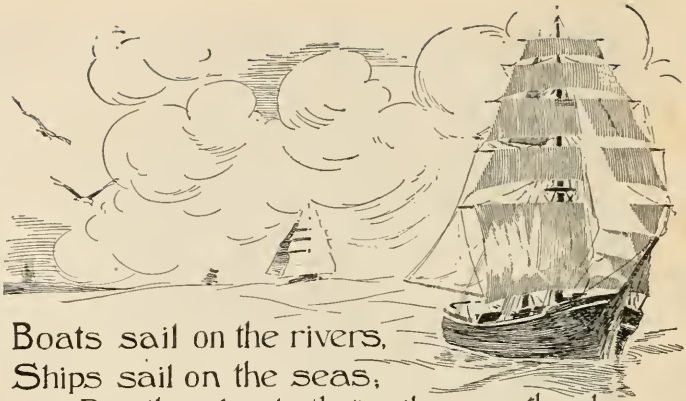
THE SONG OF THE MILL WHEEL

Round and round it goes, —
As fast as water flows,
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel
That turns the noisy, dusty mill.
Round and round it goes,
As fast as water flows.

Turning all the day,
It never stops to play, —
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel
That keeps on grinding golden meal.
Turning all the day,
It never stops to play.

Sparkling in the sun,
The merry waters run
Upon the foaming, flashing wheel
That laugheth loud, but worketh still.
Sparkling in the sun,
The merry waters run.

— Selected.



Boats sail on the rivers,
Ships sail on the seas;
But the clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

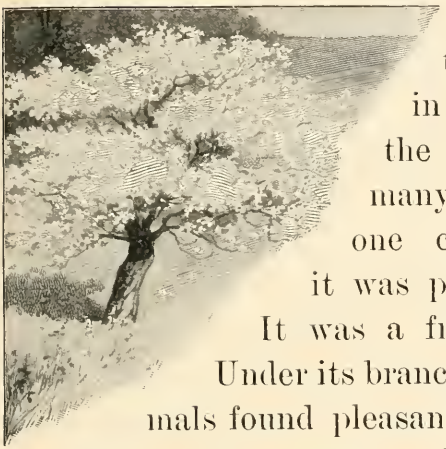
There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a bridge from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

Christina C Rossetti

THE APPLE-TREE MOTHER

I.

reason	mischief	pasture	couch
bitter	exclaimed	sloping	steam



The old apple tree had stood in the corner of the pasture for so many years that no one could tell when it was planted.

It was a friendly old tree. Under its branches men and animals found pleasant shade. In the spring it gave blossoms to all that came, and in the fall it dropped apples at their feet.

The apple tree was easy to climb, as Dick well knew. From its top he could see the sloping hillside and the little brook that flowed through the pasture. Indeed, he spent so much time playing in the old tree that his father often said, "Well, Dick, has

the Apple-Tree Mother kept you out of mischief to-day?"

And so Dick came to wonder a great deal about the Apple-Tree Mother.

The time of green apples had come, and all day long a hard wind had been blowing. When supper time came Dick was ill. Perhaps the apple tree could have told the reason.

Dick was lying on the couch, and his mother was busy making a cup of tea for him.

After he had taken the hot and bitter drink he lay watching the steam that rose from the teakettle. Just as he was closing his eyes in sleep the steam began to turn from white to green. Then an apple tree grew up out of the teakettle and stretched its branches to the ceiling.

"That looks like the apple tree in the corner of our pasture," thought Dick.

And then he saw a woman sitting in the midst of the branches. She wore a dress that was green and brown, like the apple-tree leaves in the fall.

"I suppose that is the Apple-Tree Mother," said Dick to himself. "If she is as old as our tree, she must be very old indeed."

Then the Apple-Tree Mother laughed and all the leaves of the tree danced. "My little boy," she said, "I am so old that I have grown young again, and I bring with me pictures and stories of the world that has lived about my tree."

"Pictures and stories!" exclaimed Dick. "Oh, can't you show me some of them?"

"That is just why I came to visit you," she said. "Will you have pictures of animals or of flowers?"

"I would like to see pictures of animals first," said Dick.

II.

dusty	oriole	drooping	happen
handled	sadness	whistling	joyous

Then the room changed to the corner of the pasture. There was the fence and the brook and the old apple tree. Just above the fence,

half hidden in the branches, was a nest that held five tiny eggs.

The sound of bird voices was heard, and there in the tree Dick saw two orioles. They were singing a song together, and somehow Dick could understand it all. They sang of their little home and of the eggs that lay within it. And they sang of the happy time when five little birds would come to be loved and cared for.

The Oriole's Nest.

Then the two orioles rose slowly into the air and flew across the field. The nest was left alone.

Down the road came a boy whistling and kicking up the dust with every step.

Dick began to feel very unhappy, for he knew just what would happen next.

The boy in the picture looked up and saw

the brown nest among the leaves. "There is an oriole's nest," thought he. And in a moment he had climbed the tree, and the five tiny eggs were in his hand.

"I'll take them home," he said, as he put the eggs into his pocket. But he handled them so roughly that three were broken.

With an angry word he threw all the eggs on the ground, and then went on whistling and kicking up the dust.

A joyous bird song was heard in the air, and the two orioles darted into the apple tree. The mother bird flew to her nest. Then she gave a cry so sharp and sad that it hurt one's heart to hear it.

The father bird joined the poor mother in her outcries of fright and sorrow. There on the dusty ground lay all that was left of the beautiful eggs.

Far across the field flew the oriole mother, almost wild with sorrow. The father, with his feathers drooping, sat on a fence post, and his happy songs were changed to notes of sadness.

III.

empty	whining	shoulder	weary
stolen	crooked	cruelly	shelter
howled	rattling	pattering	limping
second	wounded	terrible	banging

The Apple-Tree Mother looked very grave, but she only said, "Shall we have another picture?"

Dick was afraid to say "No." He lay quite still, looking at the apple tree. The rain was beginning to beat against the leaves. Then he saw a weary little dog come limping to the tree, whining, and licking one of his paws.

He was not a handsome dog. His legs were crooked and one ear was torn. The branches of the tree bent above him. And when the poor dog looked up at their shelter, one could see how big and soft and sad were his eyes.

With a splashing noise two boys came wading across the brook. Each boy had a fishing pole over his shoulder, and in his

hand was a small tin pail in which he had carried bait.

As they came toward the tree one of them pointed to the poor little dog. It was the same boy that had stolen the oriole's eggs.

"Now for some fun!" he said. Then both the boys sat down on the ground, and to work they went with a fishing line and one of the empty pails.

They did not see how the apple tree shook its head at them. They did not hear how

each raindrop called, "No! no! no!" as it fell pattering on the leaves.

The poor little dog lay resting under the tree, safe from the storm. All at once he was caught and held by rough hands. He howled with fright and pain, but he could not get away. A strong cord was bound around his thin little body, and his wounded foot was sadly hurt.

At last the boys let him go, and with a wild bound he jumped through the fence and ran along the road.

But oh, what terrible thing is rattling and banging around him? At every leap he is cruelly struck on his crooked little legs.

Dick had turned his head the other way. His cheeks burned and his heart was sad. Then he opened his eyes and saw his mother standing beside him with a second cup of bitter tea in her hand.

"Such a nice sleep as you have had," she said. "I really think you are better. Now sit up and drink this like a man."

Never a word said Dick. He sat up and

drank the bitter tea, while he thought of many things. Had he seen himself in the pictures which the Apple-Tree Mother had brought to his bedside?

—Adapted from "True Fairy Stories."

THE DIAMOND DIPPER

I.

rusty	narrow	farther	fern
dipper	towered	suffering	brim
dying	withered	carefully	spill

Once upon a time it was very hot and very, very dry. No rain had fallen for days and days. The thirsty birds had stopped singing. The plants withered and the animals were dying for want of water. All the people were praying for rain.

One morning a little girl started out to find some water for her sick mother. In her hand she carried a tin dipper.

She climbed a high hill hoping to find a spring. Up and up she climbed. On her way she saw the dusty plants, the quiet birds, and the suffering animals.

The sharp stones cut her feet. High rocks towered above her head. Their strange shapes filled her with fear. But she thought of her sick mother and she would not turn back. At last she came to a great wall of rocks, and could go no farther.

"Oh, that some good fairy would show me where to find water!" she cried.

And then a beautiful fairy stood before her in a robe like the clouds at sunset. She pointed to a narrow path among the rocks. The child followed the path and soon came to a spring hidden under green fern leaves.

She filled her dipper to the brim. How carefully she held it! How softly she stepped, so as not to spill one drop!

In her path down the hill there lay a rabbit almost dead from thirst. The little girl needed all the water, but she poured a few drops upon the rabbit's tongue. Then something wonderful happened! The rusty tin dipper was changed to shining silver.

II.

hurried	twinkle	garments	stranger
precious	faithful	diamonds	ragged

The little girl hurried home. With a happy heart she gave the water to her sick mother. The gentle mother raised the dipper to her lips, but she did not drink. "My faithful nurse, let her drink first," she said.

As she gave the silver dipper to the nurse, behold! it was changed to yellow gold.

Again the mother raised the water to her lips. Just then a shadow fell across the floor. In the open doorway stood an old

woman. She was ragged and pale and weak. She could only stretch out her thin hand toward the water.

The mother and the little girl looked at each other. Could they give up the last drop of the precious water? The mother nodded her head, and the little girl put the golden dipper into the hands of the stranger.

The poor old woman took the water and drank it all. As she drank, her rags were changed into beautiful garments, and the dipper sparkled with diamonds.

"Oh, mother, look! There is the fairy I saw in the mountains," cried the little girl. "And see! The dipper shines like diamonds!"

They looked again, but the fairy was gone. It was not long before clouds spread over the sky, and a gentle rain began to fall. Soon there was water for all the plants, the birds, the animals, and the people.

But the dipper could not anywhere be found. Night came, and the little girl looked up at the stars. There, in the sky, she saw the dipper shining like diamonds.

And now, when the evening stars twinkle overhead, the mothers point out the great dipper in the northern sky and tell this story to their children.

"Is the story true?" the children ask when the tale is ended.

And the mothers smile as they answer: —

"When you can tell what the story means, you will know that it is true."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro —
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

— David Swing.

MY COUNTRY

From sea to sea my country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

— Marie Zetterberg.

MY OWN LAND FOREVER

Land of the forest and the rock,
  Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
  My own green land forever!

— John Greenleaf Whittier.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

—John Howard Payne.

SEPTEMBER

The peaches are ripe in the orchard,
The apricots ready to fall,
And the grapes reach up to the sunshine
Over the garden wall.

— Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown,
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

— Emily Dickinson.

OCTOBER

October glows on every tree,
  October shines in every eye.
While up the hill and down the dale
  Her crimson banners fly.

— Dora Read Goodale.

NOVEMBER

Nuts are falling, trees are bare,
Leaves are whirling everywhere;
Plants are sleeping, birds have flown,
Autumn breezes cooler grown,
  In the chill November.

AN AUTUMN RIDDLE

They are seen on the trees,
They are seen on the ground,
They are seen in the air,
Whirling softly around;
They sing rustling songs
As our footsteps they hear,
And their name is well known,
For they come every year.

LEAVES AT PLAY

Scamper, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old wind shout,
Laughing as you run;
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

So run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright.

Soon you'll hear the old wind say,
"Little leaves, good night!"

— Frank Dempster Sherman.

WHERE GO THE BOATS

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand;
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
When will all come home?

On goes the river,
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

IN THE CORNFIELD.

SHAPES OF LEAVES

notice	passages	fingers	peach
veined	dandelion	currant	pipes

Did you ever take a feather in your hand and look at it? Did you notice how the quill keeps the feather in shape and makes it strong?

Now find the leaf of an apple tree. Hold it before your eyes and let the light shine through it.

Do you see the large rib running along the middle of the leaf? Do you see the fine ribs on each side of the large rib? Does not the large rib make you think of the quill of a feather?

The ribs of a leaf have fine passages or pipes in them through which the sap flows. These passages are called veins, and the large rib is called a midvein. When a leaf has one strong midvein like the quill of a feather, it is said to be feather-veined.

Let us go out of doors and find leaves that are shaped like feathers.

There is a peach tree. Pick a leaf and look at it. Yes, the peach leaf is feather-veined. Now go to the pear tree. "These leaves look like the apple leaves," you say.

Here is a dandelion plant growing in the grass. Take a leaf in your hand and look at

its ragged edges. There is one straight rib or vein along the middle of the leaf. And so you see that the dandelion leaf is also feather-veined.

You can find feather-veined leaves on the plants in the garden and on the flower stems that grow in our window boxes. And you can also find feather-veined leaves on the weeds that grow by the side of the road.

Look again at the apple leaf. Do you see the fine network of veins? Now take up a leaf of grass and hold it in the light. Can you see a network of veins in it? No, the grass leaf has straight veins.

All the grass blades are long and narrow. Have you ever seen any other leaves that were long and narrow like the grass?

But what is this leaf under the maple tree? "It is a maple leaf," you say. This leaf is not shaped like a feather.

Hold out your hand and stretch out your fingers. Does not the maple leaf look as if it had fingers, too? We may call the maple leaf a hand-shaped leaf. Perhaps we can find more hand-shaped leaves. Let us go to the currant bushes. Yes, these also have hand-shaped leaves.

One of the strangest leaves in the world is shaped like a pitcher. It has a lid that

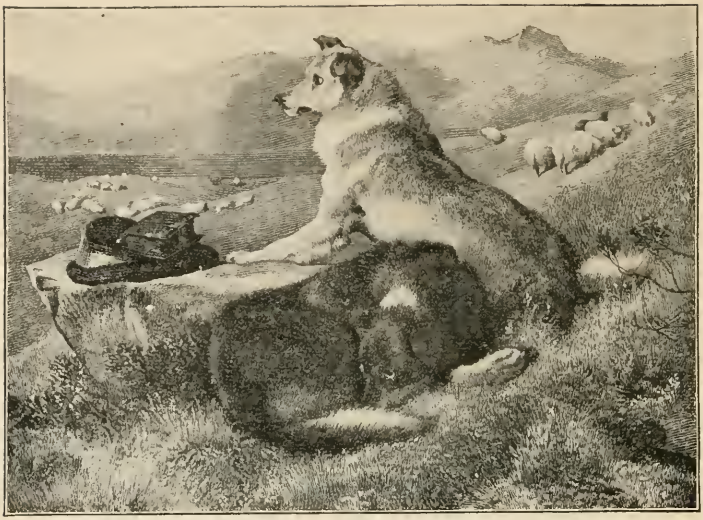
opens and shuts. Some leaves of this kind hold more than a cup of water.

There are leaves shaped like hearts and leaves shaped like arrowheads. And there are many other wonderful leaves which we may see if we keep our eyes open.

Green leaves, what are you doing
  Up there on the tree so high?
"We are shaking hands with the breezes,
  As they go singing by."

What, green leaves! have you fingers?
  Then, the maple laughed with glee —
"Yes, just as many as you have;
  Count them, and you will see!"

—Kate Louise Brown.



DOGS THAT ALMOST TALK

human	scratched	tinkled	begged
humble	drowning	cottage	wagged

It seems as if our friend the dog can talk without using words. He not only makes other dogs understand him, but he also makes his wants known to his master.

A little dog named Rudy was once taken to the city. One day he lost his way in the streets and did not come home at night.

The next morning, as Rudy's master was looking out of the window, he saw his little dog coming along the street with two other dogs.

The strangers left Rudy at his own door, and then went away. As they left they seemed to say, "Good-by." But how did Rudy ask the other dogs to show him the way home? This we should like to know.

Another dog called Prince often asked in his own way to be let out of doors. But when he returned he could not always get into the house again.

The bell was too high for Prince to reach it or he might have learned to ring it. As he could not do this he found another way to get in. A little girl who lived near by often played with him. He ran to her and begged until she saw what he wanted. This he did day after day.

After the little girl had rung the bell for him, Prince never forgot to thank her. He jumped around her and wagged his tail to show his pleasure.

One day Prince could not find his little friend. So he begged a man who was passing by to ring the bell. It was some time before the man could understand what the dog wanted. But at last the bell tinkled, the door was opened, and Prince ran into the house.

A faithful dog never forgets those he loves. Sometimes he proves to be a good friend in time of great need.

One night a fire broke out in a shed close by a little cottage. The watchdog saw the flames. He ran to the cottage and began to scratch the door with his paws. He scratched and howled until he woke the family.

After the fire had been put out the children put their arms around the faithful dog. They patted him and thanked him for saving their lives. They treated him as if he were a human being instead of only a dog.

There are many true stories about dogs that have saved the lives of children. A great artist has painted a beautiful picture of one of these noble animals.

A dog has jumped into the sea and saved a child from drowning. He has caught the child's clothes in his strong jaws, and has brought her to the shore.

See, he is almost too tired to climb up beside her! There she lies on his big paws.

He seems to be waiting for help. Does he not look as if he could speak?

The artist who painted this picture was a great friend of dogs. His name was Edwin Landseer. He has made hundreds of paintings of his humble friends. Many of the dogs in his pictures look as if they could talk.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me;

O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you,
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;

O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
O water lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know,
I should not like to grieve you.

A BOY'S WISHES

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blooming in the spring!
The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

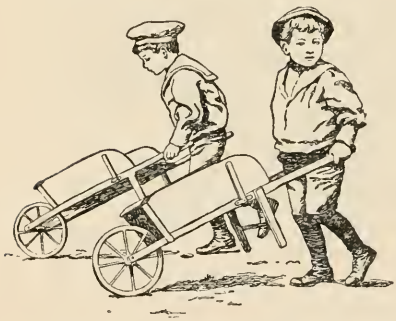
Oh, no! I wish I were a robin —
A robin, or a little wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes, with icy thumbs,
To ruffle up our wing!

— William Allingham.

ROLLO AND GEORGE

scream	frightened	directly	treat
hurting	frightening	opposite	harsh
pushing	wheelbarrow	enemies	tomtit

One day Rollo and his playmate, George Cropwell, were running along the road, pushing their little wheelbarrows.



Just as they came near George's home they saw before them a little boy much smaller than Rollo. He was ragged and barefooted.

"There is Tom," said George. "See how I will frighten him."

As he said this, George rolled his wheelbarrow directly toward Tom as if he were going to run over him. Tom was very much frightened and began to scream.

Just at that moment Farmer Cropwell

happened to be coming up the lane on the opposite side of the road. He called out, —

"George!"

George stopped his wheelbarrow.

"Is that right?" said the farmer.

"Why, I was not going to hurt him," said George.

"You did hurt him, — you frightened him."

"Is frightening him hurting him, father?"

"Why, yes; it is giving pain, and a very unpleasant kind of pain, too."

"I did not think of that," said George.

"Besides," said his father, "when you treat boys in that harsh, rough way you make them your enemies. And it is a very bad plan to make enemies."

"Enemies, father!" said George, laughing; "Tom could not do me any harm if he were my enemy."

"That makes me think of the story of the bear and the tomtit," said the farmer. "If you and Rollo will jump into the cart I will tell it to you."

— Jacob Abbott.

THE FARMER'S STORY

I.

wolf	distance	impatient	breathe
poked	scrambled	intending	pressed
terror	perhaps	troublesome	punish

One pleasant summer morning a wolf met a bear in a lonely wood. In a tree near by, a bird was singing.

"Brother," said the bear, "that is very good singing, indeed. What kind of bird do you think it is?"

"That is a tomtit," said the wolf.

"I should like to see his nest. Where do you think it is?" asked the bear.

"Perhaps we shall see if we wait until his mate comes home," said the wolf.

Soon the mother bird came flying with some food in her mouth for her children. She went to the tree where her mate was singing.

"Now, I shall climb the tree," said the bear.

"Not yet," said the wolf. "Wait until the birds leave the nest."

They walked away for some distance, but soon returned, for the bear was impatient to see the nest. He scrambled up the tree, intending to frighten the young birds.

"Take care," said the wolf. "The tomtits are very little, but little enemies are sometimes very troublesome."

"Who is afraid of a tomtit?" said the bear, as he poked his black nose into the nest.

"Go away! go away!" screamed the poor little birds in terror.

"What do you mean by making such a noise and talking so to me?" said the bear. "I will teach you better manners."

So he put his great paw on the nest and pressed it down until the poor little birds could hardly breathe. Then he left them and went away.

The young tomtits were terribly frightened, and some of them were hurt. When the old birds came home they were very angry.

They could see the bear walking about among the trees, but they did not know how to punish him.

II.

peeped	prudent	followed	toward
flutter	whether	surrounded	nailed
escape	prowling	overlooked	paused

Not far away there was a glen, surrounded by high rocks, where the bear used to go to sleep because it was a lonely place.

One day, as he was prowling in the woods, he saw two hunters coming with their guns. In fright, he fled to his glen, where he thought he should be safe.

The tomtits saw the bear run to the rocks and hide in terror.

"Why is the bear hiding?" said one bird to the other.

"Do you see those hunters with their guns?" said the mother tomtit. "If only they can find the bear, then our little ones will be safe. Let us help them."

So the tomtits began to flutter around the hunters and fly a little way toward the glen and then back again. The men followed the birds to see what could be the matter.

By and by the bear saw the hunters coming, led on by his little enemies, the tomtits. He ran from one side of the glen to the other. He hid himself in a cave among the rocks. But he could not escape the hunters.

The wolf happened to be near by upon the rocks that overlooked the glen. Hearing the noise, he came and peeped over.

As soon as he saw what had happened to the bear, he thought it would be prudent for him to walk away. This he did, saying to himself as he went: —

"Well, the bear has found out that a friend is better than an enemy, whether he is great or small."

Here the farmer paused. He had ended his story.

"What did they do with the bear?" asked Rollo.

"Oh," said the farmer, "they took off his skin to make caps of, and nailed his claws up on the barn."

—Jacob Abbott.

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE

snap	image	behold	jaws
piece	within	plainly	greed
snatch	bottom	hurrying	plank

A DOG, with a piece of meat in his mouth, was hurrying home to eat his supper in quiet. On his way he had to pass over a narrow plank which lay across a small stream.

As he looked down into the water he saw his own image in the smooth surface of the brook. This, he thought, was another dog with a larger piece of meat in his mouth.

He put his head down near the water. Behold, the meat, which the other dog carried, was plainly within his reach.

"Now, I shall have a fine dinner," he thought. And with a quick snap of his jaws, he tried to snatch the meat from the dog in the water.

But as he opened his mouth, his own piece of meat fell to the bottom of the brook. And thus, by greed, he lost all that he had.

BELLING THE CAT

quiet	easily	manner	sly
danger	enemy	coming	chief

Once upon a time some mice met together to find a way to save themselves from their enemy, the cat.

"I have a plan," said a young mouse, "which will save the life of every one of us. You all know that our chief danger lies in the cat's sly and quiet manner of walking. If we could hear her coming, we could easily run away.

"Let us hang a bell to the cat's neck, and when we hear it ring we shall all know that she is near."

"A fine plan! a fine plan!" cried all the mice. "But who will bell the cat?"

"Not I, not I," cried all the mice at once.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

chose	manger	growled	pair
oxen	feeding	mouthful	meal

A DOG once chose to make his bed in a manger full of hay. Now this manger was the feeding place of a pair of oxen who worked hard in the fields all day.

When the tired beasts came for their evening meal, the dog growled and showed his teeth. He could not eat the hay himself, and he would not let the oxen have so much as a mouthful of it.

—ÆSOP.

A WISE INDIAN

lazy	angry	observe	stool
passes	owner	answered	short

AN Indian boy sees many things which a white boy passes by without seeing. Can you tell why?

The Indian boy is taught to look at things

closely, and to think about everything he sees. He learns to observe. Here is a good story of an Indian who was trained to use his eyes when he was young.

An old Indian once lived in a village among white people. His little hut was near the woods. A white man lived alone in a cabin near by.

One night the white man came home late from his work in the fields. He had left a bag of corn hanging in his cabin. Some one had taken it.

He was very angry. "That lazy Indian who lives in the hut has stolen my corn," he told his neighbors.

"Send for the Indian and let him speak for himself," said one of the neighbors.

When the Indian came he said, "I did not take your corn."

"If you did not take my corn, who did?" asked the angry man.

"I can not tell you his name," the Indian answered. "I have never seen him, but I can tell you something about him.

"Your corn was stolen by a white man. He is an old man, and he is a short man."

One of the neighbors had seen a little old man. He was going to the woods with a bag on his back.

They went out to hunt for him. Soon he was found, and the bag of corn was returned to its owner.

How could the Indian tell who had taken the corn? Every one wanted to know.

"I will tell you," said the Indian. "I knew that the thief was an old man from the heavy mark of his feet in the earth. A young man's step is much lighter.

"I knew he was a white man because he turned his toes out when he walked. An Indian does not walk in that way.

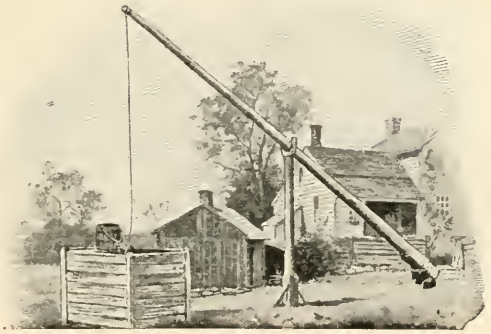
"Did you not see that he stood on a stool to reach the bag of corn? This shows that he was a short man."

"Now see," said the neighbors. "If you had kept your eyes open as the Indian keeps his open, you would not have said that he stole your corn."

CLOVERNOOK

group	cottage	repeating	sugar
hymns	daughter	sweetbrier	cellar
merry	gathered	old-fashioned	saucer

One summer morning, a merry group of children was helping to make hay in one of the Clovernook hay fields.



Not far away stood a little brown house in the cool shade of cherry trees and apple trees. A sweetbrier clambered over the windows, and in the dooryard grew bushes of large red roses.

Near the house was a deep well of clear, cold water. An old-fashioned well sweep was used to draw up the water, as you see in the picture.

This was the Clovernook home. Here

lived the merry children who were helping in the hayfield, and there were nine of them. What if the house was small? There was the barn in which they could play, and there

"He liked to gather his children around him."

were the fields and woods in which they could wander.

They thought their gentle, blue-eyed mother the most beautiful woman in the world. Their father was one of the kindest of men. Every child loved him, and the horses and the cows followed him all over the farm.

He loved books, and went about his work repeating fine old hymns and lines from grand poems. In the long winter evenings he liked to gather his children around him before the open fire. Then he told them wonderful stories of the olden time.

The Clovernook children learned to know the flowers and the trees by name, and to tell the birds by their songs. In the spring they boiled sap for maple sugar. In the fall they gathered nuts, and helped store away the apples in the cellar.

There were two daughters of the Clovernook household who liked nothing so well as their books. They went to school when their mother could spare them from the work of the home. At night they often wished to study, but they had no lamp. So they put some lard into a saucer and used a piece of cloth for a wick.

Year after year these two girls spent all their spare moments in reading and study. What they did when they were older, and how they came to be called the Poet Sisters, you shall soon learn.

THE POET SISTERS

Alice	Clovernook	post office	print
Phœbe	Cincinnati	newspaper	parties

Alice Cary.

The Clovernook cottage was the home of the Cary family, and the Poet Sisters were Alice Cary and Phœbe Cary.

While the sisters were still little girls, they began to write verses. Phœbe was but fourteen years old when she sent her first poem to a newspaper. She told no one, not even her sister Alice, what she had done.

At last her father brought the paper from the post office. When Phœbe saw her poem in print she was so happy that she laughed

and cried. After that, she did not care if her clothes were plain, or if she could not go to school as much as she wished.

The Clovernook home was near Cincinnati, Ohio. When Alice and Phœbe grew older they left the home of their childhood and went to live in New York city.

Phœbe Cary.

They were now able to earn money by writing stories and poems for books and papers. At last they could make their home beautiful with the books and pictures which they had so long wished for.

Alice and Phœbe loved children, and they wrote many beautiful verses for their little friends. In their charming stories they tell us about their life in Clovernook, and of their plays in hayfield and barn.

OUR HOMESTEAD

Our old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon its roof;

And the cherry tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain,
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane.

The sweetbrier, under the window sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly.

And there never was water half so sweet
As the draft which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.

— Phœbe Cary.

SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be better
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Phœbe Cary.

THE RIGHT WAY

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

—Alice Cary.

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

— Alice Cary.

COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD

haste	remained	different	gentle
spread	orchard	delighted	cotton
bodies	paddled	ornaments	natives

Columbus in the New World.

When Columbus reached the New World, he landed on a beautiful green island. He tells us that the island was covered with trees like an orchard. The trees and the flowers and the fruits were different from any that he had ever seen before.

All day he remained on shore with his men. They were delighted with the warm air, the clear streams, the bright flowers, and the fresh fruit.

The natives were friendly and gentle. They wore no clothes, but their bodies were painted with many colors. They came near the strangers and seemed to wonder at their white faces.

Some of the natives wore rings of gold in their noses and ears. Columbus tried to learn from them where they had found the gold. They pointed to the south and said "Cuba." By signs they led him to believe that Cuba was a land where there was much gold.

Columbus was in haste to reach the mines of gold and the rich cities about which he had read. The next day he sailed with all his ships and sailors toward the south.

They passed by many green islands as beautiful as the one on which they had landed. Columbus sat on deck, watching the shore. He hoped and he believed that he should

soon see the towers of a city rise toward the sky.

The news of the visit of the white men spread from island to island. The natives ran to the shore to see the wonderful ships with sails like white wings. They paddled out to the ships in their canoes, and they brought fruit and balls of cotton yarn.

Columbus and his men were looking everywhere for gold. Whenever they saw a village of huts they visited the chief and asked him where gold could be found. They traded bells and beads for the gold ornaments which the natives wore.

Soon Columbus reached the shores of Cuba. Everywhere he saw beautiful flowers and fruits. He found gentle natives living in poor huts. But he saw no cities and he found no mines of gold.

Columbus supposed that he had reached some small islands on the coast of India. For this reason he called the dark-skinned people living there Indians. He did not know that he had found the New World.

COLUMBUS RETURNS TO SPAIN

January	obliged	several	court
Isabella	decided	fifteenth	delay
Ferdinand	wrecked	discovered	search
Santa Maria	farewell	seaport	voyage

At last Columbus gave up the search for gold, and decided to return to Spain. He wished to tell King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of the islands he had visited.

He was sure that he had discovered a new way to India, and he wished to ask the king for more ships and more men. He believed that great riches could be found on these islands which he had visited.

Early in January he gave a farewell feast to the natives. Then he sailed for Spain, taking with him six Indians.

His flagship, the *Santa Maria*, had been wrecked. One of his captains had sailed away in the *Pinta* and had not returned. And so Columbus was obliged to cross the ocean in the *Niña*, which was the smallest of his three ships.

The voyage was long and the storms were many. The little ship was tossed about by the waves and was often in great danger. But at last the shores of Spain were seen by the sailors, and great was their joy.

At noon, on the fifteenth of March, 1493, they sailed into the harbor which they had left more than seven months before. All the people in the town crowded to the shore. For a long time they had thought that Columbus was lost at sea, and that they would never see him and his sailors again.

The first act of Columbus was to lead his men to the church, where they gave thanks to God for their safe return.

Very soon the good news spread over all Spain. Bells were rung, and great fires were lighted on the hilltops.

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were several hundred miles from the seaport town where Columbus landed with his sailors. As soon as the king and queen heard of his safe return, they sent Columbus a letter asking him to come without delay to their court.

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

third	thronged	bearing	honor
knelt	banners	received	turtle
praise	kingdom	officers	parrots
joined	listened	awaiting	account

The time of year was delightful for the long journey through Spain. Every mile of the way Columbus and his men received a welcome. As they passed along the plains and over the mountains, men, women, and children came to see the brave sailors who had dared to cross the ocean.

When they reached the end of their journey, they were met by officers of the king. Then all marched into the city through crowded streets where banners were flying.

First came Columbus riding a fine horse. Next walked six Indians, painted and wearing feathers in their hair.

The sailors followed, carrying strange birds and animals from across the sea. Some had live parrots which they had caught and tamed.

One man carried a turtle shell almost as large as himself. Others showed with great pride the curious rings and crowns of gold which they had brought from the islands.

The king and queen sat on their throne awaiting Columbus. When he came near, they rose to greet him, and they asked him to take a seat by their side.

In the great room were the lords and ladies of the court and the chief men of the kingdom. Every one looked with wonder at the painted Indians and at the strange gifts which were carried by the sailors.

Columbus then gave an account of his wonderful voyage. When his story was done, the king and queen knelt in thanks to God. Then the great crowd of people joined them in thanksgiving and in a grand song of praise.

So great was the honor paid to Columbus that he rode with the king and his son through the streets of the city. The people thronged to see him, and they called him the third king.

Painting by R. Balnac.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

I.

rejoice	Thursday	invited	quail
rushes	lowlands	dainties	guests
arrived	cranberries	already	whoops

Almost a year had passed since the first company of Pilgrims had come to America. About fifty of those who had crossed the ocean in the Mayflower were now living in their new home.

They had laid out a village street and had built a few houses in the place which they called Plymouth. Their houses were made of logs. The roofs were very steep and were covered with grass and rushes.

It had been a busy summer for the Pilgrims. They had worked hard in the gardens and the fields. But the harvests were good and there would be food enough for the coming winter. How thankful they were!

"Let us set aside a day in which to give thanks for this great harvest," they said.

"It is God who has sent the sunshine and the rain to make the seeds grow. We will have a day of thanksgiving, and ask the friendly Indians to come and rejoice with us."

So the Indian chief and his band were invited to the feast. Such a busy time as that was for the Pilgrims! The men went to the forest to hunt deer, wild turkeys, and other game. All the women were at work, and the smoke of the ovens rose from the chimneys.

Even the children helped. Some of them gathered the cranberries that were turning red in the lowlands. Some picked the wild grapes that were growing purple on the vines. Others brought home the nuts which were falling from the trees. The older boys were sent to the beach for clams.

The Indians were invited to come on Thursday. At sunrise on that day the Pilgrims were awakened by whoops and yells which told them that their guests had already arrived.

II.

game	feast	November	stew
roasts	poured	turkeys	veil
stuffed	sermon	pop corn	haze

It was in the month of November, but the weather was mild and lovely, and a soft blue haze seemed to veil the woods.

Late wild flowers were blooming. Bright leaves were falling from the trees. It was the time of year that we call Indian summer.

A great fire was built out of doors for the cooking, and long tables were spread in the open air. When the loud roll of the drum was heard, all the people went to the log fort on the hill which was used as a meeting house. There they gave thanks to God for the rich harvest of the year.

Everybody, young and old, was there. The little children must have grown very tired of the long sermon. They must have wanted to go home to the good dinner which they knew was waiting for them.

At last the Thanksgiving feast was ready.

In the middle of the long table stood a huge bowl of stew made of different kinds of game.

There were great roasts of deer and roasted turkeys stuffed with nuts. There were the cakes and puddings made by the Pilgrim mothers. And it is said that the Indians brought a large basket of pop corn which they poured on the table just as the meal began.

In this way the Pilgrims passed their first Thanksgiving Day in America.

— Marian M. George.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Here the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

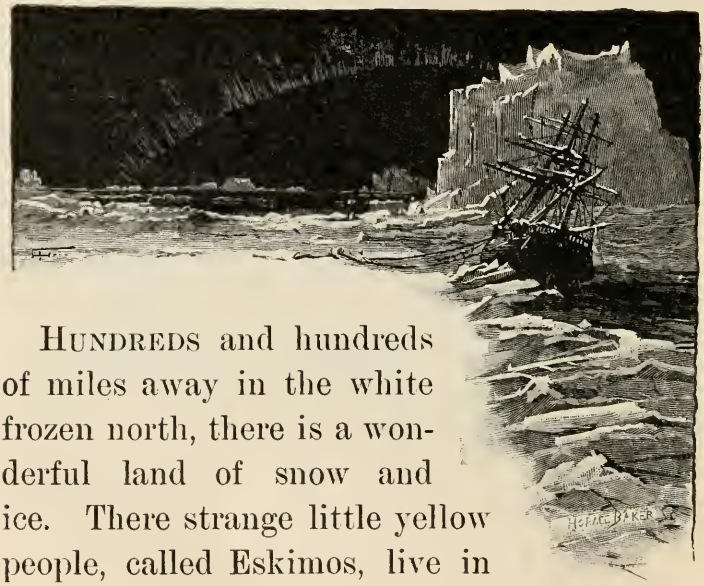
Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

— Lydia Maria Child.

THE SNOW BABY

I.

freeze	shaggy	Eskimos	cliffs
noisy	icebergs	enormous	hoofs



HUNDREDS and hundreds of miles away in the white frozen north, there is a wonderful land of snow and ice. There strange little yellow people, called Eskimos, live in snow houses, and dress in the skins of animals.

In summer, in this wonderful land, the sun never sets, but shines all the time, day and night. Flowers spring up, and soft-eyed reindeer wander about cropping the short grass.

The ice breaks up and drifts out to sea. Great rivers of ice push forward into the water. Enormous icebergs break off from them and float away like white ships.

The blue waves dance and sparkle in the sun. Singing brooks rush down the mountains. Thousands of noisy sea birds come to the rocky cliffs to lay their eggs.

Glossy seals swim in the water, and once in a while a shaggy white bear goes running over the floating ice in search of seals.

The Eskimos, paddling swiftly through the water in their strange skin boats, hunt these animals for food and clothing.

In winter there is no sunshine at all in Eskimo land. For four long, long months it is dark all the time, just as it is here in the night. The ground is covered deep with snow, and the poor deer must dig through it with their hoofs for grass and moss.

The sea is covered thick with ice, and the birds fly away. The cold is so terrible that the Eskimos would freeze to death were it not for their thick, warm fur coats.

II.

hooded	blankets	veranda	bushy
coffee	sealskin	September	sugar

Here in this wonderful land there was found, one September day, a snow-white baby with big blue eyes.

And such a funny little house it was where she was found. It was only one story high. The walls were more than a foot thick, and the outside was covered with heavy black paper. All around the house was a veranda. Its walls were built of boxes of biscuit, sugar, coffee, and tea.

Inside the house, the little room where the baby lived was lined with soft warm

blankets. There was a bright carpet on the floor and pictures on the walls.

All these things, like the boxes of food outside, came in the ship which brought the baby's father and mother to this strange country.

One window of the baby's room looked out upon a great river of ice. From the other window you could see high red and brown mountains. And here was the sea in which strange-looking icebergs floated.

III.

August	mittens	trousers	sleigh
steamed	northern	language	sledge

When the people of that land heard that there was a white baby in the small black house, they came hundreds of miles to see the little stranger.

They talked to the baby in their own queer language. They called her the Snow Baby, and they brought her presents of fur mittens and little sealskin boots.

After the sun went away the baby lived

for days and weeks in a little room lined with blankets. A lamp was kept burning in the room all the time, both day and night.

One of the Eskimo women made a little suit of clothes for the baby, all out of furs. There were only two pieces in this suit. First there was a pair of little trousers and boots made together. Over this a hooded coat was worn.

When the sun returned, the Snow Baby was taken out of doors every day. No matter how cold it was she had a sleigh ride on her little Eskimo sledge. You should have seen her team of dogs with their bright eyes, their sharp-pointed ears, and their big bushy tails.

For nearly a year the Snow Baby lived in this strange, northern home. But one day in August a big black ship came up the bay. It was the same ship that had brought the Snow Baby's father and mother to the Snow-land.

Then the baby and her mother went on board the ship and steamed away south to their own American home.

A SNOW HOUSE

knees	puppy	harness	dries
force	needle	clothing	twists
thaws	dimly	platform	whales

In the summer time the Eskimo people live in tents made of skins. In the winter

they build their houses out of hard blocks of ice and snow.

Perhaps you would like to visit an Eskimo family, and see how these yellow people live in a snow house. But how shall we get into the house? There seems to be no door in this strange-looking mound of snow.

We must bow our heads and crawl on our hands and knees through a dark passage. Soon we come to an open space where we stand upright in a dimly lighted room.

All around the room is a bank of snow next to the wall of the house. The top of this bank is broad and level like a table. It is covered with the thick skins of reindeer, bear, and foxes. Here the family eat and sleep, and here the children play.

Near the doorway stands the stove, on a raised platform. You would think it a very poor stove, for it is only a hollow stone filled with oil and moss. When the moss is lighted, it burns like the wick of a lamp.

This stove warms the room, melts the water for drinking, dries wet clothing, and thaws the frozen meat. It lights the room dimly and we see the Eskimo father, mother, and children in their snow house.

A bag is lying on the thick furs. Now it moves and the mother takes it in her arms. See, it is a baby boy in a bag of feathers.

When an Eskimo baby is in the house,

he lies in his feather bag. And when he is out of doors, he is always on his mother's back, inside of her fur hood.

As soon as an Eskimo boy is old enough to walk, he has a puppy for a playmate. He learns to harness his dog and drive it all

around the room. Soon he will be able to drive a team of dogs, as his father does, and ride swiftly over the snow.

The large boys catch fish and hunt seal. They even help to kill great whales and fierce white bears.

But what does the little Eskimo girl do? The little sister learns to sew and to make clothes out of skins. She makes her own needle from a hard bone or a piece of iron, and she twists thread from strips of deerskin.

Everything the Eskimos use they make with their own hands.

Sometimes our ships force their way through the frozen ocean to their land of ice and snow. The Eskimo people think these great ships the most wonderful things they have ever seen.

THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendors, fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There we shall see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there, in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly we will tread
By island streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.

—William Howitt.

DECEMBER

And now December's snows are here,
The light flakes flutter down,
And hoarfrost glitters, white and fair,
Upon the branches brown.

— Selected.

JANUARY

Wintry day! frosty day!
God a cloak on all doth lay;
On the earth the snow he sheddeth,
O'er the lamb a fleece he spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather
To protect it from the weather.

— Selected.

FEBRUARY

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cold and cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing,
Underneath your feet.

— Mary Mapes Dodge.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine.
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine.
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white.
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ-Child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man."

—St. Luke.

The shepherds were watching their flocks
On a beautiful starlit night,
When the sky was suddenly filled
With a band of angels bright.

Oh! shepherds fear not but rejoice,
For we bring good news, they sing;
In Bethlehem is born this day,
A saviour who is Christ your King!

A glad and wonderful song
Rang through the heavens then;
It was "Glory to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will toward men."

THE CHRISTMAS SONG. (109)

THE NEW YEAR

THE New Year comes in the midnight hour
When the beautiful world is still,
And the moonlight falls in a silver stream
Over meadow and wood and hill.

We can not hear the tread of his feet,
For so silently comes he;
But the ringing bells the good news tell
As they sound over land and sea.

Where'er he steps new joys upspring,
And hopes, that were lost or dim,
Grow sweet and strong in the golden hours,
That he everywhere bears with him.

He brings us snow from the fleecy clouds;
He sends us the springtime showers;
He gladdens our world with the light of love
And fills its lap with flowers.

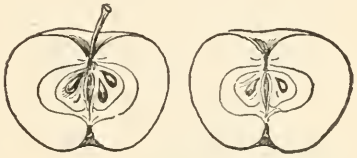
Some day, as softly as he came,
He will pass through the open door,
And we who sing at his coming now
Will never see him more.

—MARIE ZETTERBERG.

HOW PLANTS GROW

trunk	halves	dissolves	juice
swells	course	openings	blood

Cut an apple into halves and take out one of the little brown seeds. How small it is! Now look at an apple tree. Did the apple tree come out of a little brown seed like the one you hold in your hand?



You say that it did. Look again. Which is larger, the seed or the apple tree? And now you laugh, as you say: "Of course an apple tree is larger than an apple seed." Then there must be something in the apple tree that was not in the seed.

The tree has a trunk or stem. It has leaves and it has roots. How were all these made?

Do you say that the apple tree grew? But what do you mean by growing? Something must have come into the apple seed to make

it grow into a plant. And something must have come into the little green apple plant to make it grow into a tree.

What was it? Where did the plant get it? Cut into a green stem of the apple tree. See how the juice runs out!

The apple tree was made from this juice which we call sap. This sap is the blood of the plant. It makes the plant grow just as your blood makes you grow.

The sap came to the little apple plant all the time it was growing. But where did the plant get the sap?

The food of a plant lies all about its roots. The rain, or water from your watering pot, falls around the plant. It sinks into the ground. Then the water dissolves the earth just as it dissolves sugar.

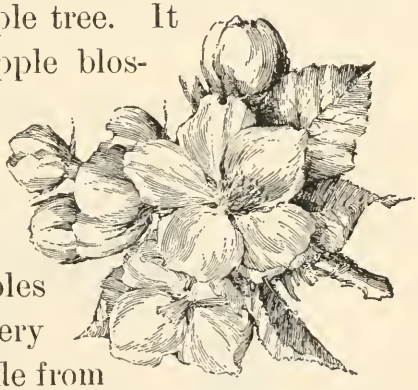
The seed swells, and the brown seed coat bursts. Then a little root runs down into the earth. This root has hundreds of openings or mouths. The little openings are so small that our eyes can not see them.

The roots suck in the water from the

ground. The earth that is dissolved in the water creeps up into the plant. This juice or sap makes the plant grow.

But the plant must have air as well as food. The sap can not turn into wood and bark and fruit until it has met the air. So the sap flows up into the leaves and meets the air.

Then it finds its way into every part of the plant. It changes into the rough bark and hard wood of the apple tree. It changes into pink apple blossoms and buds. It changes into red apples and yellow apples. The same sap makes sweet apples and sour apples. Every part of a plant is made from sap. Is not that very strange?



Apple Blossoms.

We have learned that the roots take the food of plants from the earth. They do more than this. The roots are the feet of the plant.

You could not stand without your feet. You would fall on the ground or the floor. And so the tree or the plant could not stand without its roots.

Other plants grow just as the apple tree grows. The roots of a plant get food from the earth and keep the plant in its place in the ground. The stem makes the plant strong and holds it up in the air. And the leaves draw in just what the plants need from the air around them.

Fruit of the Apple Tree.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I'm still alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my foot."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade.
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

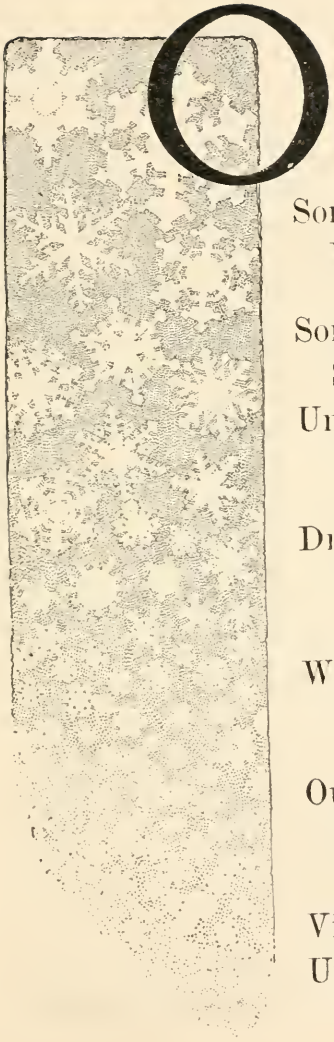
"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died
But close I hide,
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— Edith M. Thomas.

A RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes;
I have many arms and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
None e'er saw me eat — I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I feed all day in the full sunlight;
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

— George Macdonald.



SNOWFLAKES

OUT of the sky they come,
Wandering down the air.
Some to the roofs, and some
Whiten the branches bare;

Some in the empty nest,
Some on the ground below,
Until the world is dressed
All in a gown of snow;

Dressed in a fleecy gown
Out of the snowflakes spun;
Wearing a golden crown,
Over her head the sun.

Out of the sky again
Ghosts of the flowers that died
Visit the earth, and then
Under the white drifts hide.

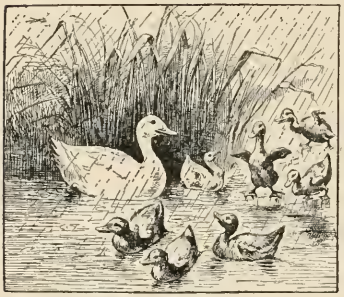
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

FANNIE'S MENAGERIE

I.

dozen	trickled	creatures	dive
pounced	mustn't	shoulders	bunch
seized	shouldn't	snatching	shawl

"WHAT a long, long day!" said Fannie. "Rain, rain all the time, and nothing pleasant to do. I wish mother would let me go out of doors and play in the water.



"The ducks seem to be having a fine time on the pond. They like the rain. If I only had a coat of feathers, I shouldn't mind a little wetting. I could dive and splash about all day long. But now I suppose I must go to sleep, for there seems to be nothing else for me to do."

So Fannie threw herself on her bed. She lay with her eyes half open, watching the

raindrops as they trickled down the window panes.

Flap, flap, flap! "What is that at the window?" Flap, flap, flap! In flew a dozen geese. "Quack, quack! quack! Who carried off our feathers?" they were screaming. They flew around the room, beating their wings against the walls and ceiling.

Flap, flap, flap! went the flock of geese over Fannie's head, and down they pounced upon the pillow. In a few minutes it was torn to pieces, and the feathers scattered all over the floor.

"Quack, quack, quack! Here are our feathers!" cried all the geese; and each one seized a bunch of feathers in its bill. Then they flew off, leaving the air full of soft, white down.

Patter, patter, patter! The door was gently pushed open, and there stood a sheep. "Please walk in, madam," said Fannie; and in came a whole flock of sheep.

"Baa, baa, baa! Where is the wool they cut from my back?" said a great, black sheep.

"Baa, baa, baa! Who has carried off our wool?" cried all the other sheep.

"I didn't carry off your wool," said Fannie. "Stop, stop! that's my shawl. You mustn't take that. What are you pulling the carpet to pieces for?"

Without minding a word Fannie said, the great, black sheep marched out of the room with the shawl on its shoulders. All the other sheep followed with pieces of carpet folded over them.

II.

swarm	nibbling	exclaimed	mattress
troop	neighing	cranberries	bursting
eaten	nonsense	disturbed	pillows

Buzz, buzz, buzz! "What comes to the window now?" In flew a swarm of bees.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! Where is our wax?" said the queen bee.

"Hum, hum, hum! Who stole our wax?" said all the bees.

"There is no wax here," said Fannie.

The bees flew about, crying, "Buzz, buzz,

buzz! Hum, hum, hum!" They seemed to be very angry about something.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Fannie; "they have all lighted on my doll and are nibbling away her pretty face. Oh, my beautiful wax doll! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

At that moment there was a great noise in the hall. "I wonder what will come next," said Fannie. In trotted a troop of horses, neighing loudly, "Who stole our flowing manes? Who carried off our long, waving tails?"

"Here they are," said a great, white horse, and he began pulling the mattress into pieces.

"I shall have no bed to sleep on," thought Fannie, as the horses went galloping out of the room, with their mouths full of horsehair.

But what can be coming through the hall now, making so much noise?

"Fannie! Fannie! Why don't you come down to tea?" shouted Frank, bursting into the room.

"Oh, Frank," said she, "did you meet the horses running downstairs?"

"Horses running downstairs! What are you talking about, Fannie?"

"Why, some geese flew in through the window, and took the feathers from my pillows. A whole troop of horses came into my room and tore the mattress to pieces. A flock of sheep carried off the carpet, and a swarm of bees has eaten up my doll's head."

"Your doll is lying in her cradle, with cheeks as red as cranberries," said Frank. "The carpet looks as pretty as ever; and your bed has not been disturbed. Sister dear, I think you have been dreaming a great deal of nonsense for one afternoon."

— From "Rainbows for Children."

HOW LAMBKIN WHITE WAS SAVED

I.

frolic	trestle	railroad	marsh
leader	minute	suddenly	barrel
bubbled	lambkin	companions	swamp

The morning sun was just rising over the hills when Lambkin White opened his eyes

and scrambled to his feet. All around him lay the sleeping flock.

One after another the sheep and lambs awoke, and soon they were feeding on the grassy hillside.

After the morning meal the lambs began to frolic. They raced across the pasture. They bounded over the stones that lay in their way. They seemed to plan their plays as children do, and everywhere Lambkin White was the leader.

Suddenly, he left his companions and ran to a large, flat rock. Upon this he jumped and stood waiting. Every lamb followed him. What the new game was called in sheep language no one can tell. But they chased one another like boys in a game of tag.

The sun crept up the sky and the air grew hotter. And now the sheep stopped eating grass. They turned, all together, into a path that led to their drinking place.

But to-day they could find no water. Instead of the spring which had bubbled out from under the great rock there were only stones and dry sand.

Down the hill the flock slowly wound its way, looking for water. But Lambkin White did not walk with the flock. He ran here and there. He climbed rocks and hid behind trees. Indeed, could the mother sheep have spoken, she would have called him a very troublesome lambkin.

The pasture sloped down to a piece of low, wet land. A wooden bridge or trestle had been built across the marsh for a railroad

track. Trains of cars rolled over this high bridge nearly every hour of the day.

On came the sheep to the very edge of the swamp. Here they found black mud, but not a drop of water to drink.

Near the end of the trestle was a cask, or water barrel, which had been sunk into the ground. Lambkin White ran to the barrel and looked in. There was some water in the cask, and the thirsty lamb stretched his neck farther and farther down to get a drink. Before his mother could reach him he fell, head foremost, into the water barrel.

II.

feebly drowning locomotive distress
monster struggles passengers whistle

Poor little lamb! The smooth sides of the barrel were all around him and he could not get out. The helpless mother was in great distress, but what could she do? Her little one was drowning before her eyes, and she could not save him!

The lamb's wild struggles were growing slower and slower. His limbs now moved feebly. In a moment more the brave young heart would stop beating. Soon there would be one less in the flock. Soon there would be a sad mother sheep calling in vain for her little lamb.

Just then a shrill whistle sounded across the marsh. Over the trestle came the great locomotive dragging a train of cars filled with passengers.

The foolish sheep, in their terror, ran along the railroad track in front of the moving train.

But Lambkin White's mother still stood by the water cask. Nearer and nearer came the terrible noise of the engine. The black monster was coming directly toward her. Soon it will be upon her!

Will she not run away from danger? Will she not join the flock? No! for the mother heart is brave and the mother love is strong. If she can not save her darling, she can, at least, die by his side.

III.

track	fireman	brakeman	drowned
brakes	sunken	engineer	darling
fleece	pumped	conductor	dripping

The engineer was watching with sharp eyes the flock of sheep on the track ahead. He saw the lamb in the water barrel as the engine came near the end of the trestle. "Down brakes!" he whistled, and the train suddenly stopped.

The passengers crowded to the windows. What could be the matter? They saw the engineer running. They saw him stoop down and lift a little lamb from the sunken water barrel. Its fleece was dripping with water.

The engineer placed the half-drowned creature by its mother's side. And then what a cheer arose from the passengers for the kind deed which he had done.

The fireman drove the sheep from the track and turned them toward the hillside pasture. A brakeman pumped the water barrel full of water for the thirsty flock.

Back ran the engineer to his engine. "All aboard," shouted the conductor, as he swung himself upon the last car of the rolling train.

Late that afternoon a happy mother sheep wandered back to the pasture with Lambkin White following very slowly in her tracks.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— Samuel T. Coleridge.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee —
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

— William Blake.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

I.

Merlin	fault	necklace	clasp
habit	wizard	untruths	shame

THERE was once a little girl named Pearl, who had a bad habit of telling untruths. For a long time her father and mother did not know this. But at last they found that she very often said things that were not true.

Now, at this time — for it was long, long ago — there lived a wonderful man named Merlin. He could do such strange things, and he was so very wise, that he was called a wizard.

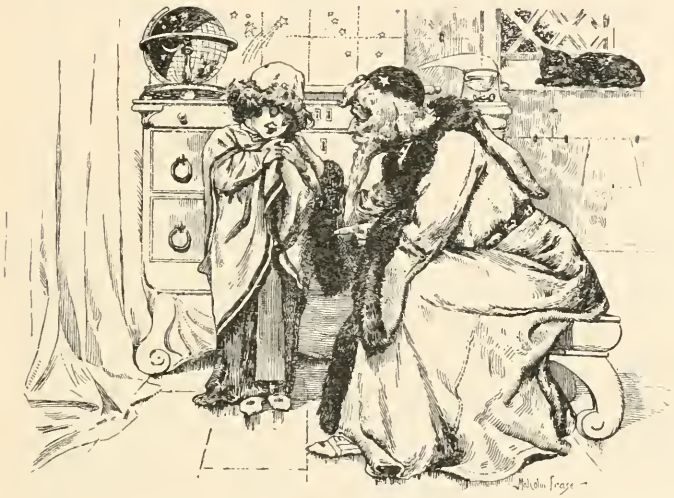
Merlin was a great lover of truth. For this reason children who told untruths were often brought to him, so that he might cure them of their fault.

"Let us take our child to the wonderful wizard," said Pearl's father.

And the mother said, "Yes, let us take

her to Merlin. He will cure her!" So Pearl's parents went to the glass palace where Merlin lived.

When they reached Merlin's palace, the wise old man said, "I know very well what



is the matter with your child; she does not love the truth."

Poor Pearl hid her head with shame and fear. But Merlin said, "Do not be afraid. I am only going to make you a present."

Then the wizard opened a drawer and took from it a lovely necklace with a diamond

clasp. This he put on Pearl's neck, and told her parents to go home happy, for the little girl would soon be cured.

As they were going away, Merlin looked at Pearl, and said, "In a year from now I shall come for my necklace. Till then you must not dare to take it off."

II.

coarse	satin	truthful	size
sobbed	tassels	falsehood	wrong
choked	weeping	confessed	coach

Can you guess what the necklace was? It was the wonderful Necklace of Truth.

Next day Pearl went to school. When her schoolmates saw the beautiful necklace, they crowded around her.

"Oh, what a lovely necklace! Where did you get it, Pearl?"

"My father gave it to me for a Christmas present," said Pearl.

"Oh, look, look!" cried the children. "The diamond has turned dim!"

Pearl looked down at her necklace and saw that the lovely clasp was changed to coarse glass. Then she was very much afraid, and said, "I will tell you the truth: the wizard Merlin gave it to me."

At once the diamond was as bright as before.

The girls now began to laugh, because they knew that only children who told falsehoods were sent to Merlin.

"You need not laugh," said Pearl. "Merlin sent a lovely coach to bring us. It was drawn by six white horses, and was lined with satin, and had gold tassels."

She stopped, for all the children were laughing again. Then she looked at her necklace, and — what do you think? It hung down to the floor! At each false word she had spoken, the necklace had stretched out more and more.

"You are stretching the truth!" cried the little girls.

Then Pearl confessed that all she had told them was false; and at once the necklace changed to its right size.

"But what did Merlin say when he gave you the necklace?"

"He said it was a present for a truthful —"

She could not go on speaking. The necklace became so short that it nearly choked her.

"O dear, no!" sobbed Pearl. "He said I did not love the truth, nor speak the truth."

The girls did not laugh now. They were sorry for Pearl when they saw her weeping.

At last Pearl was cured. She saw how wrong and how foolish it is to tell falsehoods. "Never more will I tell a lie," said she. And she kept her word.

Before the year was ended Merlin came for his necklace. He knew that Pearl did not need it now, and he wanted it for another little girl.

Since Merlin died, no one can tell what has become of the wonderful Necklace of Truth. Would you like to wear it? Are you sure the diamond would always keep bright?

—From "Old Fairy Tales."

SPEAK THE TRUTH

TO BE MEMORIZED

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a cowardly knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth—
Follow truth.

SAINT VALENTINE

Here is one of the many stories that have been told about Saint Valentine.

Father Valentine was a priest who lived a long time ago. He spent his time in nursing the sick and in comforting the sorrow-

ing. As he went about among his people, the children, too, found a kind and helpful friend.

They liked to talk with him, and to run by his side as he went from one house to another. What wonderful stories he told them about the birds and the flowers! How many beautiful things he taught them as they walked together through the forest and by the river!

Father Valentine loved all the little creatures of the woods and the streams, and they seemed to love him in return. The birds would come at his call, and the squirrels would scamper down the trees to take food from his hand.

Years went by, and at last the good priest became too old to visit his people. How they must have wished to hear again the sound of his footsteps at the door! How the children must have missed their kind teacher and the stories that he told!

Father Valentine was very sad because he could no longer go about from home to home.

But he soon found a way by which he could still be of use to those he loved.

As he sat in his room he wrote the kind words which had always made his visits so full of good cheer. Every day his loving messages were sent near and far. They were carried by the boys and girls who had learned from him to be happy in helping others.

Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words that were sure to come to them whenever they were in need of help. Even the little children, when they were ill, would say, "I am sure that Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

After a time the good father passed away from earth, but he has not been forgotten.

Each year, when the fourteenth of February comes around, we still keep his birthday.

Think of the lonely, remember the sad,
Be kind to the poor, make every one glad,
On good old Saint Valentine's Day.

A FAMOUS OLD HOUSE

fancy	buckles	victory	office
bosom	ruffled	headquarters	freedom

HERE is a picture of a famous old house. It was built more than one hundred years ago, and it still stands, painted yellow and white, as in the days of old. People come from far and near to see it, and perhaps some day you will visit it.

Do you wish to know why so many people travel miles and miles to see this old place?

Two great men once lived here. The first one was a brave general. Long ago he was called from his own home to take command

of an army. In those days, the yellow and white house was one of the finest places for miles around. So it was given to the general for his headquarters.

If these old walls could only speak, what wonderful stories they could tell! For in this house many plans were made, which helped to bring freedom to our land.

We like to fancy that we can see the great general going in and out of the front door. He used to wear a three-cornered hat and ruffled shirt bosom, knee-breeches, and low shoes with silver buckles.

This brave and noble commander led his army through many dangers to victory, and he afterward became the first president of the United States. You need not be told that the great general who once lived in the famous old house was George Washington.

After many years the old house became the home of another great and good man. He did not lead armies, nor make laws, nor hold office. And yet few men in our country have been so well known or so well loved.

His poems are read in all parts of the world, and his beautiful thoughts have helped hundreds and hundreds of people to love the right and to hate the wrong.

And now you are eager to speak the name of the great poet who once lived in the famous old house — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets, —
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter, —
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets, —
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,

Why the rabbit was so timid, —
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river;
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

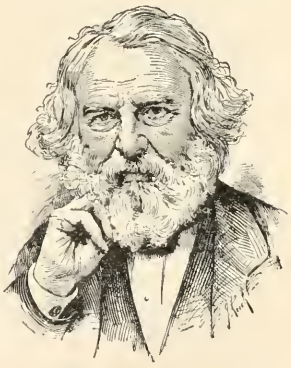
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
As the deer came down the pathway.

LONGFELLOW WITH HIS CHILDREN

I.

eager	birthday	nursery	elm
planned	questions	musician	lawn
grief	meant	playfellow	loss

The famous old house looks very quiet and lonely in the picture. But there was a time when many children ran about its halls and played upon the lawn.



"How many children did Mr. Longfellow have? Did he have any boys? What were their names?"

These questions are asked again and again by little people who keep the birthday of the poet and wish to learn about his life.

In his journal, Mr. Longfellow tells us about his children, and it is there we may find answers to all our questions.

The poet's eldest son was named Charles. When Charles was two years old his little brother Ernest was born. Longfellow then moved his books into another room and gave up his study to his babies.

And so the room in which Washington had planned battles became the nursery of the Longfellow children. Did any children ever have a more famous nursery?

In this room which once belonged to Washington we like to think that the children heard again and again the story of our first President.

When Ernest was but a few days old his father told a friend that the little newcomer was a great musician. Do you know what the poet meant by this?

While Charles and Ernest were still little boys, their baby sister Fannie came to live in the nursery. Just as she was old enough to run about, the dear little girl died. Then the

house was full of sorrow. Many of the poems Longfellow wrote at this time tell the story of his grief at the loss of his little daughter.

Charles was six years old and Ernest four, when their father first took them to school. He left them sitting on little chairs among the other children in an old house near a large elm tree.

It was under this same tree that Washington took command of the American army.

As time went on three little girls took the places of the boys in the nursery. How all these children loved their father! They thought him the best playfellow in the world, and so he was.

He made toys for them, taught them games, and wrote letters which he placed under their pillows for them to find in the morning.

II.

sealing	parties	provide	wreaths
coasting	pleasure	happiness	package

Longfellow writes in his journal about coasting with the boys for hours upon the

hillside, and of working hard with all the children making a snow house in the front yard.

Again he tells of charming birthday parties when children played in the hay and scrambled for sugar plums. These parties always ended with a fine birthday supper.

On the first of May the children sometimes had a May party. The girls wore wreaths upon their heads and danced around the May pole. Then they all went to the summer house for a feast.

In summer the Longfellow children often went to the seaside with their father and mother. All day long they played in the sand and waded in the water.

But a great and terrible sorrow came suddenly to the Longfellow home. One morning, as Mrs. Longfellow was sealing a package with hot wax, her dress caught fire. Before the flames could be put out she was so badly burned that she died soon after.

Never again was the poet full of joy as he had always been before. For him the

happiness of life was over. But he never forgot to provide for the pleasure of his children.

Longfellow has told us about his three daughters in a beautiful poem called "The Children's Hour." He has also written about them in a letter to a little girl which you will be glad to read.

A LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL

Edith	exactly	merriest	piazza
Allegra	memory	encamped	nankeen

NAHANT, August 18, 1859.

YOUR letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls.

The oldest is about your size; but as little girls keep changing every year I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks which I sometimes call her nankeen hair to make her laugh. She is a busy little woman and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra, which you know means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture which I hope you will see some day.

They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long. Sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good night with a kiss from his friend and yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE OPEN WINDOW

The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the graveled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air,
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall:
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet, familiar tone:
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer. Engraved by Henry W. Peckwell.

(152) THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— Henry W. Longfellow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE YOUNG SURVEYOR

beyond	compass	knowledge	Vernon
acres	bargain	Englishman	undertake
measure	surveyor	gentleman	interesting

It is very interesting to know how George Washington passed his boyhood. In many ways he was no better than other boys. He had a quick temper, and he soon found that he must learn to control it.

But he wished to make a good and useful

man of himself. This story tells some of the ways in which he tried to do this.

He had learned to survey land, and this knowledge soon became of great use to him. When he was sixteen years old, he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon.

He took his compass and surveyor's chain with him. Nearly every day he went out into the fields to measure his brother's land.

A tall, white-haired gentleman often came into the fields to see what Washington was doing, and to talk with him. This was Sir Thomas Fairfax. He had lately come to America from his home in England. He owned thousands of acres of land in the new country beyond the mountains.

Sir Thomas was very fond of hunting, and he liked to have Washington go with him. They often rode out together, and the old Englishman came to like his young friend very much. He saw that the boy was manly and brave and very careful in all that he did.

"Here is a boy who likes to make himself

useful; I can trust him," he said. And Sir Thomas soon made a bargain with young Washington to survey his wild lands.

Washington loved out-of-door life, and he was very fond of riding on horseback. So he was glad to undertake the work of surveying land for Sir Thomas.

SURVEYING IN THE WILDERNESS

cousin	enjoyed	paid
yelled	drummed	swam

One bright day in early spring the young surveyor started out on his first trip across the mountains. With him was a cousin of Sir Thomas Fairfax. Each young man rode a good horse and carried a gun.

As there were no roads in the wild country they found their way through paths in the forest. They climbed mountains and swam rivers. At night they slept in a hunter's cabin or by a camp fire in the woods.

Often they were wet and cold and without shelter. They cooked their meat over the fire

on forked sticks, and they used wooden chips and leaves for plates.

One day they met a band of Indians. There were thirty of them, and their bodies were half covered with war paint.

George Washington, the Surveyor.

The Indians seemed very friendly. They built a huge fire under the trees and danced their war dance. One of them drummed on a deerskin stretched over an iron pot.

The others whooped and yelled as they danced around the fire. It was a strange sight, and the young men looked on with wonder.

For weeks Washington and his companion

lived in the forest. They found the best places for hunting, and the best lands for farms.

When they returned home Sir Thomas was much pleased with all that the young men told him about the new country. He made up his mind to move across the mountains and to spend the rest of his life upon his own lands.

George was well paid for his work of surveying. This was the first money he had ever earned, and he enjoyed spending it because he had worked hard for it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

His New Home

I.

chain	patient	Kentucky	furry
ashes	potatoes	Indiana	bacon
rifle	inclosed	household	loosed

In the autumn after Abraham Lincoln was eight years old, his parents left their Kentucky home and moved to Indiana.

They had no wagon, and all their household goods were carried on the backs of two horses. At night they slept on the ground, sheltered only by the trees.

It was not more than fifty or sixty miles from the old home to the new; but it was a good many days before the family reached their journey's end. Over a part of the way there was no road. The movers had sometimes to cut a path through the thick woods.

The boy was tall and very strong for his age. He already knew how to handle an ax, and few men could shoot with a rifle better than he. He was his father's helper in all kinds of work.

It was in November when the family came to the place which was to be their future home. Winter was near at hand. There was no house nor shelter of any kind. What would become of the patient, tired mother, and the gentle little sister?

Hardly had they reached the spot chosen for their home than Lincoln and his father were

at work with their axes. In a short time they had built what they called a camp.

This camp was but a rude shed made of poles and covered with leaves and branches.

It was inclosed on three sides. The fourth side was left open, and in front of it a fire was built.

This fire was kept burning all the time. It warmed the inside of the camp. A big iron kettle was hung over it by means of a chain and pole. In the kettle the fat bacon, the beans, and the corn were boiled for the family's dinner and supper. In the hot ashes the good mother baked corn cakes, and sometimes, perhaps, a few potatoes.

One end of the camp was used as a kitchen. The rest of the space was the family sitting room and bedroom. The floor was covered with leaves, and on these were spread the furry skins of deer and bears and other animals.

II.

Bible	hoeing	supplied	strength
busy	plowing	chopping	taught

In this camp the Lincoln family spent their first winter in Indiana. How very cold and dreary that winter must have been! Think of

the stormy nights, of the howling wind, of the snow and the sleet and the bitter frost! It is not much wonder that the mother's strength began to fail before the spring months came.

It was a busy winter for Thomas Lincoln. Every day his ax was heard in the woods. He was clearing the ground, so that in the spring it might be planted. And he was cutting logs for his new house. For he had made up his mind, now, to have something better than a cabin to live in.

The woods were full of wild animals. It was easy for the boy and his father to kill plenty of game, and thus keep the family supplied with meat.

Lincoln, with chopping and hunting and trapping, was very busy. He had but little time to play. Since he had no playmates we do not know that he even wanted to play.

With his mother he read over and over the Bible stories which both of them loved so well. And, during the cold, stormy days, when he could not leave the camp, his mother taught him how to write.

In the spring the new house was built. It was only a log house, with one room below and a loft above. But it was so much better than the old cabin in Kentucky that it seemed like a palace.

The family moved into the new house before the floor was laid, or any door was hung at the doorway.

Then came the plowing and the planting and the hoeing. Everybody was busy from daylight to dark.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

His First Great Sorrow

I.

silence	postage	autumn	duties
finished	preacher	sycamore	comfort
buried	grieving	minister	feeble

The summer passed, and autumn came. Then the poor mother's strength gave out. She could no longer go about her household duties. She had to depend more and more upon the help that her children could give her.

At length she became too feeble to leave her bed. She called the boy to her side. She put her arm around him and said: "My boy, I shall very soon leave you. I know that you will always be good and kind to your sister and father. Try to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father."

Then she fell asleep, never to wake again on this earth.

Under a big sycamore tree, half a mile from the house, the neighbors dug the grave for the mother of Abraham Lincoln. And there they buried her in silence and in great sorrow.

In all that new country there was no church; and no minister could be found to speak words of comfort and hope to the grieving ones around the grave.

But the boy remembered a preacher whom they had known in Kentucky. The name of this preacher was David Elkin. If he would only come!

And so, after all was over, the lad sat

down and wrote a letter to David Elkin. Abraham was only a child nine years old, but he believed that the good man would remember his mother, and come.

It was no easy task to write a letter. Paper and ink were not things of common use, as they are with us. A pen had to be made from the quill of a goose.

But at last the letter was finished and sent to Kentucky. How it was carried I do not know, for the mails were few in those days, and postage was very high.

II.

upright	forded	funeral	months
justice	earliest	sympathy	hymns
reward	preached	reverence	duty

Months passed. The leaves were again on the trees. The wild flowers were blossoming in the woods. At last the preacher came.

He had ridden a hundred miles on horseback. He had forded rivers and traveled through pathless woods. He had dared the

dangers of the wild forest. And all in answer to the lad's letter.

He had no hope of reward save that which is given to every man who does his duty. He did not know that there would come a time when the greatest preachers in the world would envy him his sad task.

And now the friends and neighbors gathered again under the great sycamore tree. The funeral sermon was preached. Hymns were sung. A prayer was offered, and words of comfort were spoken.

From that time forward the mind of Abraham Lincoln was filled with high and noble thoughts. In his earliest childhood his mother had taught him to love truth and justice, to be honest and upright among men, and to honor God. These lessons he never forgot.

Long afterward, when the world had come to know him as a very great man, he said: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

—James Baldwin.

HANA AND TORA

Their Home

1.

Tora	Japan	Japanese	gowns
Hana	mirror	carriage	hastens

Hana is a little Japanese girl. Her name, in the language of Japan, means flower or blossom. If you should see her you would say that she is as beautiful as the gayest flower in the garden.

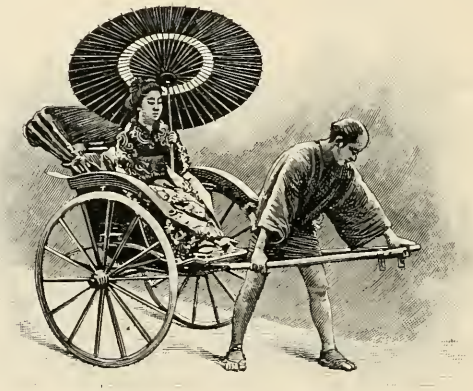
Tora is her brother and his name means tiger. He is called Tora because his father and mother wish him to be as strong and as brave as a tiger.

Hana and Tora live in one of the beautiful islands of Japan. Let us visit them in their home on the other side of the world.

We must cross the ocean to reach this far away land. So we go on board a great steamer and for days and days we sail over the sea.

At last we come to the city where our

little friends live. We leave the ship and climb into a two-wheeled carriage which is drawn by a man. He runs along the street with our carriage almost as fast as a horse can trot.



How strange everything seems. The men, women, and children all wear gowns that look like dresses. They clatter along in wooden shoes, and they carry paper umbrellas. We ride through narrow streets. There are no sidewalks nor green lawns.

And now our carriage stops. We have come to the home of Hana and Tora. The front of the house is open like a doll's play-

house, and we can see through to the garden beyond.

How clean everything looks! The porch shines like a mirror. All the floors are covered with matting made of the whitest straw. Even the road in front of the house is swept.

We walk toward the house, and a little girl comes in from the garden. She has a clear yellow skin, bright black eyes, and smooth black hair. This is Hana, and she hastens to greet us.

She drops down on her knees, and bows so low that her head touches the matting. Her mother will soon be at home, Hana says, and she begs us to come in.

Does she ask us to take off our hats? Oh, no, she expects us to take off our shoes. The Japanese always leave their shoes outside when they go into a house.

Again and again the polite little girl bows her head to the floor as we enter. We sit down on the thick matting, for in the houses of Japan there are no chairs.

II.

closet	pickles	alphabet	knives
parlor	pockets	embroidered	quilts
observe	greetings	maidservant	screens

Little Hana looks like a butterfly in her loose dress embroidered all over with bright flowers. Her sleeves are very large, and a wide sash of soft red silk is tied around her waist.

And now Hana's mother returns, and Tora comes running in from his play. There are more bows and more greetings.

Tora is dressed in a plain blue gown very much like his sister's. Both the children have large pockets in their sleeves where they carry their playthings.

Our friends invite us to spend the night with them. We are very glad to do so. They take us to the parlor, which is at the back of the house.

It is now time for supper. A small table, about ten inches high, is placed before each

person in the room. We sit on the floor as we eat. A little maidservant brings in cakes and candies shaped like flowers. She kneels and bows low as she hands them to us.

Next we have soup, which we drink from small bowls. Then come pickles and strange kinds of food that we have never before seen. Last of all rice is served from a large, round, wooden box, and we drink our tea from tiny cups.

There are no knives and no forks, and so

we observe our Japanese friends as they eat with two long wooden sticks. Then we take our chop sticks and try to eat the rice as they do. Hana and Tora watch us, but they are too polite to smile.

After the supper is over, the grown people sit on the floor and talk to one another, or watch the children at their games. Hana and Tora play with small cards on which are printed the strange-looking letters of the Japanese alphabet.

And so the evening passes and bedtime comes. The little maidservant takes us upstairs. We see no beds, and we wonder where we shall sleep. But screens are soon drawn together, and a room is made for us.

Then the little maid slides back another screen, and there in the wall is a closet. Out of this she takes soft, thick quilts, and spreads them on the matting, one on top of another. For a pillow she brings each of us a small block of wood.

We do not like the wooden pillows, but we sleep soundly all night in our beds on the floor.

HANA AND TORA

Their Festival Days

I.

merry	alcove	festival	polite
packed	budding	storehouse	sashes

A BEAUTIFUL garden lies back of the house where Hana and Tora live.

In Japan the people love the flowering trees and plant them in their gardens. Now it is early springtime and the plum trees are just beginning to burst into bloom.

The children ask us to go with them and look for the first plum blossoms. The pink buds are pushing out of their brown coverings. "Oh, I am so glad!" Hana says. "Soon the peach trees will bloom, and then it will be time for the Doll Festival.

"How I wish I could show you my dolls! I have more than a hundred, but they are all packed away in the storehouse.

"Some of them are very old. They used to belong to my grandmother and to my

great-grandmother. The doll I like best was given to me when I was a baby. It is as large as I am, and it can wear my clothes.

"When the Doll Festival comes I have a merry time. In the morning when I get up I find all my dolls waiting for me in the guest room.

"With them are doll houses, little tables, sets of dishes, and boxes full of pretty gowns and sashes. The first thing I do is to dress all the dolls in their best clothes.

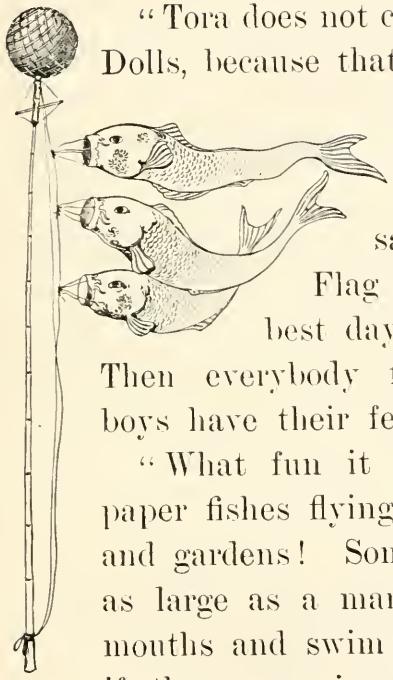
"Of course they must have something to eat, for it is the Feast of Dolls.

"I make tea for them and put dishes of candy and cake and rice on their little tables. It is not polite to leave anything on one's plate, and so Tora and I have all the food that the dolls do not eat.

"For three whole days I can play with my dolls. Then I take off their beautiful clothes and put on their sleeping coats. My mother packs them in their boxes and stores them away for another year, until the Feast of Dolls comes again."

II.

whole	current	images	rustle
swords	success	generals	famous



"Tora does not care for the Feast of Dolls, because that is a girls' festival. The Feast of Flags is the boys' day."

"Oh, yes," Tora says, "I think the Flag Festival is the very best day of the whole year. Then everybody flies kites and the boys have their feast.

"What fun it is to see the huge paper fishes flying over all the houses and gardens! Some of the fishes are as large as a man. They open their mouths and swim about in the air as if they were in the water. All day long they flap their fins and tails and rustle in the wind."

"But why are so many of your kites made like fishes?" we ask.

"Because there is one kind of fish in our country so strong and brave that he swims up stream and leaps the waterfalls," Tora answered. "So Japanese parents fly kites made like fishes to help their sons remember that they must struggle bravely to win success.

"There are many kinds of fish, my father says, that can float down the stream with the current; but there is only one fish that can swim up the stream and leap over a waterfall.

"We have many other kites too. Some of them are shaped like butterflies. Some are shaped like birds and they make a singing noise when the wind blows through them.

"On the morning of the Flag Festival I find all my toys in the guest room where Hana finds her dolls.

"Among my toys are wooden soldiers older than Hana's oldest dolls. My grandfather's grandfather used to play with them when he was a little boy.

"And there are banners and swords, and images of the famous generals of Japan dressed in splendid armor. My father always

plays with me on the day of the Flag Festival, and he tells me about the brave soldiers of our country.

"In the evening the people light their prettiest paper lanterns, and hang them in the gardens and before every house and store.

"Sometimes my father takes me boat-riding, and the most beautiful sight of all is the river with the many colored lights twinkling from the boats."

Hana and Tora tell us about other great festivals of their country, and they invite us to visit them again at the time of the Feast of Cherry Blossoms.

A dip of the nose,
A turn of the toes,
A spread of the hand,
A bend of the knees—
It takes all these
To say "Good day"
In chrysanthemum land
So far away.

MARCH

In March come the March winds;
They blow and they blow,
They sweep up the brown leaves,
That green ones may grow.

—Selected.

APRIL

April, April, are you here?
Oh! how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! The sky is bright and clear;
Oh! how green the grass is growing!

—Dora Reed Goodale.

MAY

Robins in the tree top;
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing,
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew.

—T. B. Aldrich.

EASTER SONG

TO BE MEMORIZED

Snowdrops! lift your timid heads,
All the earth is waking;
Field and forest, brown and dead,
Into life are waking.

Lilies! lilies! Easter calls!
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Through the Easter morning.

Waken, sleeping butterflies,
Burst your narrow prison!
Spread your golden wings and rise,
For the Lord is risen.

—Mary. A. Lathbury.

From "Little Pilgrim Songs."
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THE SONG OF THE POPPY SEED

TO BE MEMORIZED

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark —
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you,
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you,
Waken! 'tis morning — 'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy — all white, like my mother,
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you,
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you,
Little brown brother, good-by!

— E. Nesbit.

CLOVERS

THE clovers have no time to play:
They feed the cows and make the hay,

And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,

And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then when the day dawns clear and blue
They wake and wash their hands in dew;

And as the sun climbs up the sky
They hold them up and let them dry;

And then to work the whole long day:
For clovers have no time to play.

— HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE.

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird,
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way,
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing,
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.

AIR

squeeze	crevice	surrounds	gust
motion	nothing	furniture	weigh

We say that a room with no furniture in it is empty. But this is not exactly true. There is one thing that the room is full of to its very top. It is something that you can not see. But it is as real a thing as the furniture. This thing is air.

If you take all of your books out of the box in which you keep them, you say there is nothing left in it. But the box is full of air. When you shut it up and put it away, you put away a box full of air. When the books were in it, it was full of books and air together. Now it is full of air alone.

The air is everywhere. It is always ready to go where there is a place for it. Every crack and crevice is filled with it.

You see a little boy playing with a ball. What is it that he is throwing against the wall? It is a rubber ball, you say. But is

this all? Is there not something else besides the rubber?

Suppose that you prick a hole in the ball and squeeze it. It is now good for nothing. But the rubber is all there. Why is the ball good for nothing?

It is because the air which filled the ball and made it round has escaped. The ball is of no use unless you can keep it full of air.

Perhaps you think that air does not weigh anything. But it does weigh something, though very little, and its weight is well known.

You can not see air, but you can sometimes feel it. You can not feel it while it is still if you are still at the same time. You can feel it only when it is in motion. When the wind blows upon you, it is air in motion that you feel.

When you fan yourself, the air strikes upon your face, and you feel it. When there is a gust of wind, the air comes against you just as a wave of water does.

Sometimes we say the wind blows very

hard or very strong. This is when the air moves very fast. When there is only a gentle breeze, the air is moving very slowly.

When the air moves very fast, it sometimes does a great deal of harm. It roots up trees and blows down houses.

The air is clear, like glass. That is, it lets you see through it. But when you look up through the air, you see that it is of a blue color. You call the blue air the sky. The sky is the blue air that surrounds the earth.

—Worthington Hooker.

THE UNSEEN GIANT

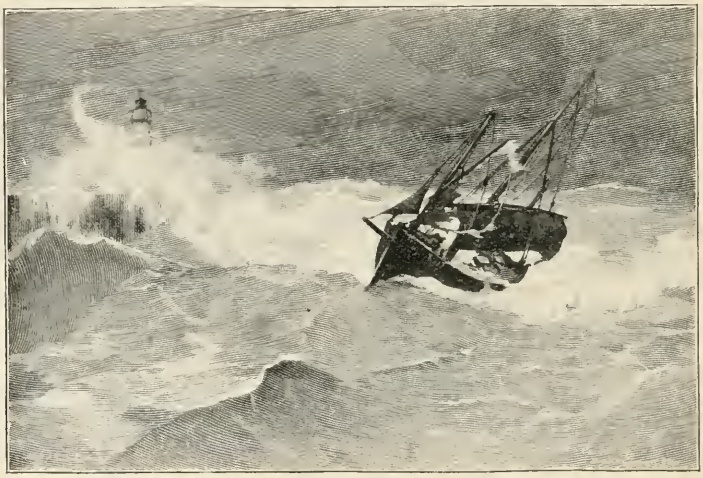
I.

giant	perish	whistling	whirls
mighty	stolen	meddles	voice
tosses	racket	tumbling	prank

There is a mighty giant in the world, who is as old as the earth itself. You have often heard his voice and felt his touch, but you have never seen his face.

When he is angry, all men fear, and all the beasts of the field seek their hiding places.

As he rages and whirls along his way, he tosses houses into the air as easily as a boy tosses a ball. He throws down great trees or



pulls them up by the roots as he crashes through the forest.

Sometimes he flies out over the sea and chases the ships. He rolls great waves over their decks and drives the ships against the rocks to perish.

But he plays many a queer prank even in

the midst of his anger. One day he lifted a schoolhouse, turned it around in the air, and set it down with the back of the house just where the front had been.

Once when he was tumbling down houses with a great racket, he found a baby in a cradle. Catching it up, he was off like a flash.

Where had he taken the baby? Would it ever be found alive? "Never," the people said. But just then a cry was heard, and there was the little child safe in the branches of a tree!

This giant meddles with everything within his reach. He knocks the apples off the trees before they are ripe. He tears the vines from the house, and picks the flowers from their stalks.

He is not always honest, for on washing days he often tries to steal the clothes from the line. He takes things which boys and girls leave in the yard, or on the doorstep.

Then the old giant goes whistling on his way to hide his stolen goods. Sometimes he throws them under the bushes, and sometimes he tosses them into the water.

11.

bugle	unseen	neither	flute
music	chimney	thirsty	whence
cattle	saddest	keyhole	grinds

The unseen giant is often kind and gentle. In the long, hot summer time he softly fans

sick children, and helps them to become strong and well again.

When he wishes, he can be one of the greatest workers in the world. Sometimes

he flies from town to town sweeping the streets. He draws water for thirsty cattle, and he grinds wheat and corn for any miller that asks his help.

Up and down the rivers, and over the sea, he works by day and by night, carrying people where they wish to go. Had it not been for him, neither Columbus nor the Pilgrims could have reached the shores of America.

He likes to play with boys and girls. Sometimes he is a little rough. But when there are kites to fly or boats to sail, he is the best playfellow that can be found.

The strong old giant is very fond of music, too. He loves to play on the horn, the bugle, and the flute. Sometimes you hear him whistling in the keyhole and singing in the chimney. Often he flies to the pine forests, where he makes the sweetest, saddest music you have ever heard.

Everything you have heard about this wonderful giant is true. And when you think of his name, you will remember many other things that he can do.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

How do the robins build their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

—George Cooper.

THE BIRD'S EDUCATION

1.

owlets	training	educated	worms
hungry	nobody	raspberries	slipped
protect	quietly	woodpecker	flutter

THE young bird needs to be educated just as a child needs to be, though not exactly in the same way.

After the young bird can fly, he needs to be taught to find his own food, and also where to sleep.

He needs to know the different calls and cries of his family, and what they all mean. He has to learn to fly, and he must learn to

sing. Then he must learn what to be afraid of, and how to protect himself from his enemies. No doubt there are many lessons for him to learn that we do not know about.

If you watch little birds just out of the nest, you may see them being taught how to find their food.

The robin mother takes her little one to the ground and shows him where the worms live, and how to get them. The owl mother finds a mouse creeping about in the grass. She teaches the owlets how to pounce upon it by doing it herself before them.

The old swallow takes her young ones into the air and shows them how to catch little flies on the wing.

If you watch long enough, you may see the old bird, who is training a young one, fly away. She may leave the young one alone on a tree or on the ground and be gone a long time.

Before many minutes the little one will begin to call for food. But by and by, if nobody comes to feed him, he will look around

for something to eat. Thus he will get his first lesson in finding food for himself.

Once I saw a woodpecker bring his little one to a fence close by some raspberry bushes. He fed the young bird two or three raspberries, and then quietly slipped away.

When the young bird began to feel hungry, he cried out; but nobody came. Then he looked over at the raspberries and tried to reach one. After trying three or four times he got one. Then how proud he was!

The father stayed away an hour or more. Before he came back that young woodpecker had learned to help himself very well. But the minute his father came, he began to flutter his wings and beg to be fed.

II.

watcher	hopped	scatter	perch
knocked	alight	naughty	bathe
suppose	coaxing	fluttered	plunge

It is very easy to see the birds teaching their little ones to fly. You will find the

young birds sitting quietly on fences or trees. All at once the parents begin to fly around, with strange, loud calls. In a minute the little birds will fly out and join them.

Around and around they all go till their little wings are tired, and then they come down and alight again.

Once I saw a young crow who did not fly when his parents called. All the others flew around many times.

The mother's sharp eyes saw her naughty son. She flew right at him, and knocked him off his perch. The next time she called, he flew with the rest.

An old robin wanted to teach her young one to bathe. She brought him to a dish of water kept for their use by some people who were fond of birds.

The little one stood on the edge and watched his mother go in and splash and scatter the water. He fluttered his wings and was eager to try it for himself, but seemed afraid to plunge in.

At last the mother flew away and left him standing there. In a moment she came back with a worm in her mouth. The young robin was hungry, as young birds always are. When he saw the worm, he began to flutter his wings and cry for it.

But the mother jumped into the middle of the water dish and stood there, holding the worm in his sight. The little bird wanted the worm so much that he seemed to forget his fear and hopped in beside his mother.

She fed him, and then began to splash about. The little fellow stayed in the water and took a good bath.

A careful watcher can see the birds teach many interesting things to their young ones. But one must be quiet and patient, and not frighten the birds.

—Olive Thorne Miller.

HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING

How do birds first learn to sing?
From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the raindrop on the eaves,
From the children's laughter sweet,
From the plash when brooklets meet.

Little birds begin their trill
As they gayly float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high;
In the beauty of the day
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart and fleet of wing—
That's how birds first learn to sing.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

grasp	Hindu	smelling	urge
straight	feeling	earrings	trunk
roamed	jungle	processions	tusks

Nandi, the Great One, was the baby's nurse. He was one of the strongest nurses that ever took care of a baby anywhere on this round earth.

In the first place Nandi was large, as you have already guessed. He was twice as high as the baby's father, and he was almost as tall as the roof of the tiny hut where the baby lived.

Nandi had a long nose. It was a very long nose indeed. Perhaps you will not believe it, but his nose was as long as you are tall, my little reader.

And it was a wonderful nose. It was always moving, always feeling, always smelling. With his nose Nandi could rock the cradle, and brush away the flies that buzzed about the baby's face. With it he could pick

up the smallest toys from the ground, or open the door of the hut.

But you, my little readers, have another name for this wonderful, long nose. You call it a trunk.

Nandi had two long, sharp teeth. They were longer than a man's arm, and they were very strong. With them he could lift heavy logs and move great stones.

But you have another name for these long, strong teeth. You call them tusks. And you have already guessed that the baby's nurse was an elephant.

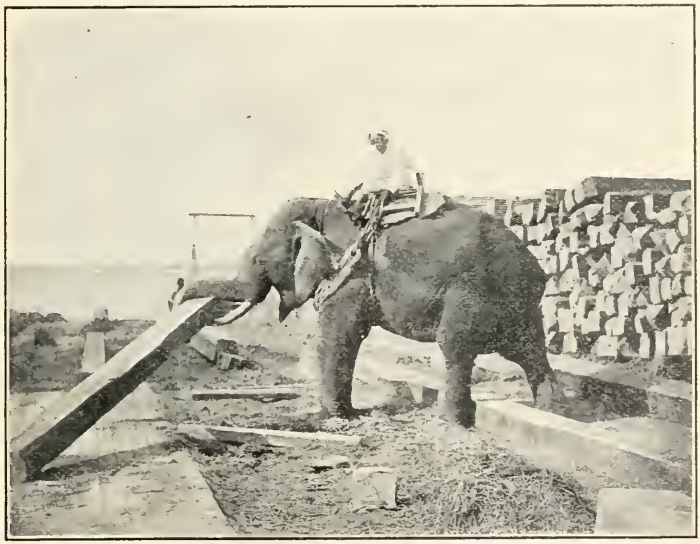
The baby was a little Hindu boy, and he lived on the other side of the world. He had a brown skin, black eyes, and black hair.

The Hindu baby had played with great Nandi's trunk ever since he could grasp anything with his tiny hands. He had crawled around the elephant's feet and slept on the ground in the shadow of the great beast. For, in the warm country of India, where the baby lived, it is always summer.

One morning, the baby's father perched

himself upon the elephant's head and rode away from his home. The child screamed with grief for his companion.

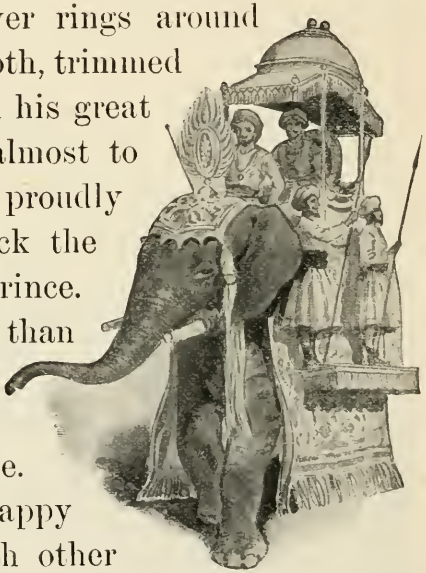
"Be still, love of my life," said the mother. "Thy father has need of Nandi. He can no longer be idle. There is harder work for him to do than to care for thee, O small one."



The elephant's work was to pile heavy timbers in the lumber yard, and to help unload the ships. Often he worked alone, for he needed no driver to urge him to his

task. His piles of wood were always straight, and his work always well done.

Once Nandi belonged to a Hindu prince and walked in long processions through the streets of cities. Then he wore gold rings in his ears and silver rings around his tusks. Red cloth, trimmed with gold, covered his great sides and hung almost to his feet. And he proudly bore upon his back the officers of the prince.



And longer ago than that, when he was young, he had lived in the jungle. Ah! those were happy days! Then, with other elephants, he roamed the forest, ate the tender branches, and swam the rivers.

But one day he was driven by the hunters through the forest and across the hills. Suddenly he found himself shut in on every side by a strong, high fence. Then he was caught

and chained to a tame elephant who afterwards taught him how to work.

Nandi often took part in great hunts for wild beasts, and he bore the marks of a fierce tiger's claws upon his side. He helped to catch other elephants in the dark forest, and taught great beasts like himself to do many kinds of work.

Nandi did not care to be free. Truly, if he had wished to go back to the jungle what could hinder? For he worked without chain or harness.

He was well cared for. He loved the evening bath in the river and the evening meal of fresh leaves. He loved his master, who was always kind.

But best of all he loved the brown baby who fed him with bananas, and always welcomed his return with childish glee. How old Nandi's bright eyes would sparkle when his little friend came near.

And when the baby could run to meet him, and sit upon his great strong neck, there was no prouder elephant in all the land of India.

THE STORY OF GIANT SUN

globe	cannon	planets	wax
finish	million	minute	travel

"SISTER, I wish you would tell me a story about the sun," said Harry. "Where does it go at night, and where does it come from in the morning?"

"We live on a big round globe called the earth," replied his sister, "and we travel around the sun once every year. The sun is like a great lamp in the sky. When we face the lamp, we see the light, and when we turn away from it, we are in darkness.

"As the earth travels around the sun, it whirls like a huge top. When the side of the earth on which we live is turned toward the sun, we have day. But when the earth turns around so that the sun can not shine on us, we have night.

"If the sun stopped shining, there would be no daylight, and soon there would be no heat on the earth.

"The sun is very, very hot. If it should come nearer and nearer to the earth, every plant and animal in the world would die. The rivers and the seas would dry up, and at last the great earth would melt like a ball of wax."

"How far away is the sun?" asked Harry.

"It is so far away that it would take more than a hundred years to travel the distance by the fastest railroad train."

"Is it more than a thousand miles?"

"Yes, it is more than a million miles."

"Suppose there were a road all the way to the sun. How long would it take me to walk there?"

"Let me see," said sister Mary, taking out her notebook. "If you should walk four miles an hour and ten hours a day, you would be more than six thousand years old before you could finish your journey."

"But suppose," asked Harry, his eyes bright with wonder, "some one fired a big cannon at the sun. How long would it take the cannon ball to get there?"

Mary looked in her notebook again. "If a cannon ball could be shot to the sun, it would take nine years to reach it. Now what else do you want to know about the sun, little brother?"

"I should like to know how large it is. Does any one know? Is it as large as the earth?"

"Very much larger," replied Mary. "It is so large that if it were cut up into a million parts, each one of the parts would be larger than the earth.

"If a train should run at the rate of a mile a minute, it would take five years for it to go around the sun. A train going at the same rate could travel the distance around the earth in less than three weeks."

"Then the sun must be very large," said Harry. "It is larger than anything I ever heard about. Let us call it Giant Sun."

"There are stars far away in the sky that are larger than the sun," said his sister. "And there are planets like our earth which are near the sun. But I will tell you about

them some other day. Now do not forget what I have told you about Giant Sun."

"Forget! How could I, sister? It is better than any fairy tale I have ever heard. Why, you have told me enough about Giant Sun to keep me thinking all day."

SUMMER SUN

GREAT is the sun, and wide he goes,
  Through empty heavens without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
  More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
  To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
  To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider clad,
He through the keyhole maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the world, he goes.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE STORY OF PHAËTHON

Phaëthon	welcome	chariot	dawn
advice	promise	columns	fiery
flashed	dwelling	lightning	hurled

You have read the true story of the great sun. Now you shall hear a strange old tale told of Giant Sun, in the days of long ago.

Do you remember the beautiful picture of

PHAËTHON AND THE SUN CHARIOT.

Aurora, and the story of Apollo, the driver of the sun car? Here is another picture of the sun chariot, in its flight across the heavens.

Once upon a time Phaëthon, the son of Apollo, said to his mother, "I go to-day to my father's palace," and he started for the land of the sunrise.

For days and for nights he traveled until he came to a high mountain. On its top was the shining palace of the sun. It had golden columns and silver doors. On its wall were pictures of the wonders of the earth and of the sea.

But Phaëthon hurried by these beautiful sights. He entered the great hall and found the Sun god just ready to drive his horses through the clouds of dawn.

"Welcome, welcome, my son!" said Apollo. "I have waited long for thy coming. What is thy wish? Tell me, and thy wish shall be granted thee."

"Oh, my father," said Phaëthon, "let me drive the chariot of the sun for one day across the sky."

"No hand but mine can hold these fiery horses," said Apollo. "Change thy wish, foolish boy. You ask for death, not for honor."

"My father never breaks his promise," said Phaëthon. "I will not change my wish."

"Then follow my advice," said Apollo. "Hold fast the reins. Use not the whip, and drive neither too high lest the earth freeze, nor too low lest it burn."

Phaëthon sprang into the sun car and grasped the lines. The horses darted across the sky. Lower and lower they plunged. The heat of the shining sun car dried the lakes and the rivers, and burned every green thing upon the land.

The people cried for rain, and the great ruler of earth and air heard their cries, and looked down from his dwelling place. He flashed his lightnings at the mad driver, and hurled him from his seat.

Then the great ruler led the horses and the chariot to their old track across the sky. But Phaëthon never rose from the cold waters of the river into which he had fallen.

A SUNFLOWER STORY

Clytie	coral	blazing	Greek
maiden	petals	swiftest	lulled

Clytie was a sea maiden, so the old Greek stories tell us. She lived at the bottom of the ocean. The white sea sand was her carpet, a beautiful shell was her bed, and the seaweed was her pillow.

One morning Clytie arose, put on her moss-green dress, and went to ride in her seashell boat. A pair of fishes drew her over the beautiful sea bottom. They swam around rocks with sharp, ragged edges, and they passed through forests of sea weed and coral.

Indeed, so long and pleasant was the ride that Clytie fell asleep, and she did not awaken until a big wave rolled her boat upon the shore of a green island.

Then the little maiden opened her brown eyes very wide, for she had never before seen the land. There was green grass at her feet, and such flowers as never grew in her garden at the bottom of the deep sea.

In the trees were birds whose songs sounded sweeter than the music of the waves that had so often lulled her to sleep.

Across the blue sky rode the Sun king in a chariot which shone like blazing gold.

Clytie saw that all living things looked up and smiled when the golden chariot rolled above the earth.

"Oh, that I were a land child!" she said; "then I too might gaze upon the Sun king the whole day long."

Day after day the sea maiden came to the island. There she stood hour after hour watching the bright Sun king until his golden chariot sank into the western sea.

But one evening Clytie found that she could not move. Behold, she was no longer a maid of the sea. Her dress was but a slender green stalk with dark green leaves.

Her yellow hair had become a circle of golden petals. From their midst looked out the brown eyes of Clytie, no longer a sea maiden, but a beautiful sunflower with its face turned toward the sun.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three, —
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. — EUGENE FIELD.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED ANIMALS

chubby	amused	wandered	proper
Bonheur	eldest	firelight	passers
France	sewing	landscape	auburn

A LITTLE four-year-old girl stood in her room making pictures upon the white walls. On every side could be seen drawings of horses and dogs, cows, rabbits, and sheep. The walls were covered with pictures as high as the chubby hand could reach.

In the doorway stood the father, watching his little daughter. So wonderful were her drawings for a little child that the neighbors often came into the tiny room to look at the pictures on the walls.

"My little Rosa will be an artist some day," said the father, "but she can never be a great artist because she is a girl. How I wish she were a boy!"

In those days it was not thought proper for a girl to do anything that would take her away from home. "A girl should stay in the

house," people said. "She should spend her time in sewing and in helping her mother."

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur's home was in France. She was the eldest of four children. Her father gave lessons in drawing and made pictures

for books. The little cottage in which she was born was in a beautiful part of the country. Here, with her two younger brothers and a baby sister, she lived a happy life.

Rosa loved animals, and she had many pets. Dogs that had no home came to her, and they were never turned away. She fed the wild rabbits and tamed the squirrels. If a stray horse wandered by, it was given food and water, and cared for until its owner could be found.

The child artist drew pictures of all these animals. She studied them as they ran or walked or lay down to rest.

When her little brothers were old enough to run about, they loved to follow their sister from place to place. Often they went with her to the roadside, where she made pictures for them in the sand with a pointed stick.

Sometimes her dogs came too and sat for their pictures. The passers-by stopped to see the rosy-cheeked little girl drawing animals and landscapes along the sandy way.

In the long winter evenings Rosa amused herself and her brothers by cutting pictures of animals and people from pieces of paper.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO PAINTED ANIMALS

Paris	earnest	relatives	absence
bunch	models	galleries	cherries
pencil	modeled	contented	studio

But this free and happy life came to an end all too soon. When Rosa was seven years old, the family moved to Paris, where they lived in small rooms. The street was crowded with houses, and there was no yard for the children to play in.

How Rosa longed for her old home and for the animals she loved. Sometimes she ran across the street to pet a wooden pig which stood just outside the door of a meat shop.

About this time a great sorrow came to the little Bonheur children. Their beautiful mother died, and then they were all sent away from home.

Poor little Rosa! She did not like to

study or sew, and she was very unhappy in the girls' school to which she was sent. Her only pleasure was in visiting her father's studio. Here, if she could have a pencil, or a bit of clay, she was always contented.

How she begged to leave school and stay with her father! Her relatives thought this a foolish thing for her to do. "What would people think," they said, "to see a girl doing a boy's work?"

One day, when her father returned to the studio after a short absence, he found that Rosa had painted a bunch of cherries. He looked at her picture for a long time, and then he said, "If you can do as well as that, I will give you lessons."

"And I will cut off my hair and wear boy's clothes," said Rosa. "Then I can study with you, and no one will notice me." So she dressed like a boy and went everywhere with her father.

Lessons in drawing and painting now began in earnest. It was not long before she could help her father. Soon she was

able to copy pictures in the famous picture galleries of Paris.

And now the girl who did not like to study books, and who hated to sew, became one of the hardest of workers. She painted from early morning until night to earn money for her father and the younger children.

At last the Bonheur family were able to have a home together once more. In a quiet street in Paris, up six flights of stairs, they found a few small rooms.

But what should they do for a garden and for a place to keep their animals? It was Rosa's greatest wish to learn to draw and paint animals from life, and she needed to study living models.

The windows of their rooms opened on a broad, flat roof. Here Rosa and her brother made a roof garden and planted flowers. Here they kept singing birds, a hen and chickens, and a pet sheep.

Every morning the two boys carried the sheep downstairs, and led it to the pasture. In the evening they carried it up the long

flights of stairs to the studio. It was drawn standing and lying down, eating and sleeping. It was painted and modeled in clay, again and again, by Rosa and her brothers.

A GREAT ARTIST

I.

sketch	obliged	prize	won
death	nineteen	skirts	oxen

Rosa Bonheur now spent all her time in painting animals. She took long trips into the country to find animals to sketch. There she drew flocks of sheep, oxen at work, and cows standing in the long grass.

Sometimes she went into pens where animals were kept, both in the country and in the city of Paris. Because her long skirts were in the way of her work she often dressed as men do.

Her pictures were shown in Paris with those of great artists. When she was only nineteen years old, she won her first prize. This was a great honor.

One of her finest pictures is called "Oxen Plowing." It was finished just before her father's death. He was greatly interested in this picture. When it was done, he was proud and happy to see that his daughter had become a great artist.

Painting by Rosa Bonheur.

Oxen Plowing.

Rosa Bonheur spent the last years of her life in a home of her own, not far from Paris. Near by was a beautiful forest, and in a park close to the house she kept a number of wild animals.

The studio in which the artist worked was very interesting. Paintings hung on the walls and stood about the room. Birds sang

in their cages. Dogs and other pets walked about or lay on the skins of wild animals which covered the floor.

To this home came many poor people, whom the great artist was always glad to help. She was kind to every one, and even the animals loved her.

II.

legion	Empress	stepladder	mistress
stroking	New York	museum	clinging

A large lion named Nero was one of Rosa's pets, and he often lay in the studio while she painted her pictures.

Once, when she was leaving home for a long trip, she was obliged to send Nero away. On her return she went to see him in one of the parks of Paris. She found him in a cage, sick and blind.

"Nero, my poor Nero!" she exclaimed; "what has happened to you?"

The poor beast heard her voice. He crawled to the bars of the cage, where he could feel her hand stroking his head. So great was the love

Painting by Rosa Bonheur.

THE HORSE FAIR.

he showed that Rosa had him taken again to her home, and she cared for him as long as he lived. He died clinging with his great paws to the mistress he had loved so well.

Rosa Bonheur's most wonderful painting is "The Horse Fair." The artist spent nearly two years in drawing horses before she began this great work. The picture is so large that she was obliged to use a stepladder to reach some parts of it.

"The Horse Fair" was bought by an American, and it can be seen in the Museum of Art in New York city.

When the French people wish to honor an artist, they give him the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Empress had often seen Rosa Bonheur sketching in the forest, and she thought her the greatest of animal painters.

One morning when Rosa Bonheur was painting in her studio, the Empress came into the room and hung a beautiful white cross around the artist's neck.

No woman had ever before worn the cross of the Legion of Honor.

WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS A BOY

tools	public	scholar	boiler
wicks	printer	grammar	tallow
molds	candles	promoted	melted

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy there were no great public schools as there are now. But Benjamin learned to read almost as soon as he could talk, and he was always fond of books.

His nine brothers were older than he, and every one had learned a trade. They did not care so much for books.

"Benjamin shall be the scholar of our family," said his mother.

And so, when he was eight years old, he was sent to a grammar school. He studied hard, and in a few months he was promoted to a higher class. But his father was poor and needed his help. In two years he was obliged to leave school.

Benjamin was a small boy, but there were many things that he could do. His father

was a soap boiler, and candle maker. And so when the boy was taken from school, what kind of work do you think he had to do?

You may be sure that Benjamin was kept busy. He cut wicks for the candles, poured the melted tallow into the candle molds, and sold soap to his father's customers.

Do you suppose that he liked to do this work?

He did not like it at all. And when he saw the ships sailing in and out of Boston Harbor, he longed to be a sailor, and go to strange, far-away lands, where candles and soap were unknown.

Benjamin's father saw that his boy did not like the work he was doing. One day he said: "Benjamin, since you do not wish to be a candle maker, what trade do you think you would like to learn?"

"I would like to be a sailor," said the boy.

"I do not wish you to be a sailor," said his father. "I intend that you shall learn some useful trade on land; and I know that you

will do best the kind of work that is most pleasant to you."

The next day he took the boy to walk with him among the workshops of Boston. They saw men busy at all kinds of work.

Benjamin was delighted. Long afterwards, when he had become a very great man, he said, "It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools."

He gave up the thought of going to sea, and decided that he would learn any trade his father would choose for him.

Soon after this, Benjamin's brother James set up a printing press in Boston. He intended to print books and a newspaper.

"Benjamin loves books," said his father. "He shall learn to be a printer."

And so, when he was twelve years old, he was sent to his brother to learn the printer's trade. He was to have his board and clothing, but no wages.

Benjamin never attended school again, but he kept on studying. At that time there were no books written for children as there

are nowadays. His father's books were not easy to understand. We should think them very dull.

But before he was twelve years old, Benjamin had carefully read the most of them. All the money that came into his hands he laid out in books.

Often he would borrow a book in the evening, and then sit up nearly all night reading it so as to return it early in the morning.

He spent all his spare time in studying and reading the best books that he could get. We shall find that afterward Benjamin Franklin became the most learned man in America.

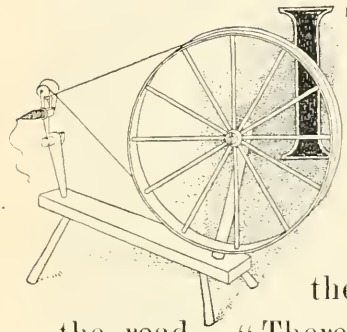
SOME WISE SAYINGS

Lost time is never found again.
One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
God helps them that help themselves.
Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

—Benjamin Franklin.

A WEAVING STORY

Abner	glanced	shuttle	loom
Silas	musket	threaded	coax
Deborah	offered	possible	stitch



IT was a spring morning more than one hundred years ago. A young man was plowing in a field near a low farmhouse. Four men with guns on their shoulders passed along the road. "There is Abner White," said one of them. "He ought to join the army. Call to him."

"Abner, Abner," they shouted.

The young man left his plow and ran to the fence.

"We are raising a company to join Washington's army," they said. "We march to-morrow. You must go with us, Abner."

Abner walked quickly to the little farmhouse. His mother was standing in the door.

"My country needs me, mother," he said. "What shall I do?"

"If you feel it is your duty to fight for your country, Abner, you must go," answered the brave woman. "When will the new company march?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "You can not wear those old trousers. We must make you a new pair."

"A soldier can not wait for new clothes, and I must march with my company. A pair of trousers can not be made in a day."

"We shall see," thought his mother, as she hurried away to call her daughters.

"Is there any woolen cloth in the house, Nancy?" she asked.

"Not a yard; I used the last yesterday."

"And there is no yarn, either," said Deborah, the oldest daughter.

"The sheep have not been sheared, and there is no wool. It is not possible to make Abner a new pair of trousers before he goes. There is no use to try!" said Nancy.

A. H. Waterlow (*modern*)

A May Scene.

"We can never tell what we can do until we try," replied the mother. "Where are the sheep?"

"They are in the pasture. I'll catch them," offered Silas, the younger son.

"And I'll help," said little Faith. "I'll get some salt to coax them with."

The children ran to the pasture. "Nan, Nan, Nan, Nan," they called. And the sheep came running for the salt.

Nancy was hurrying to the field with a pair of large shears in her hand. "Catch that black sheep if you can," she shouted.

Silas caught and held the sheep, while Nancy cut off the long, black wool.

"Here is a white sheep with beautiful wool," called out Faith.

Silas put his arms around the patient animal, and Nancy cut off its fine white wool.

"You may carry in all the wool we have, Faith," said Nancy. "Silas and I will keep on shearing until we have enough."

The wool was quickly combed by Deborah, for there was no time to wash the newly cut

fleece. Very soon the mother commenced to spin. How the spinning wheel buzzed as it twisted the soft wool into yarn!

Nancy threaded the loom. Deborah wound the shuttle full of new yarn, and the weaving of the cloth began.

Back and forth the shuttle flew, Deborah and Nancy taking turns. Late at night the cloth was woven, and Abner's new trousers were cut out. All night long the sewing went on, every stitch by hand.

The next day at noon Silas sat on the gate-post watching. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, came the sound of drums.

"Here they come! Here they come! tell mother," he shouted.

They all hurried to the fence to see the soldiers march by.

Abner held his musket proudly as he passed. He glanced at his mother and then down at his new trousers.

"No one looks finer than our Abner," said Deborah, as the soldier boys marched by on their way to the war.

AMERICA

TO BE MEMORIZED

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Out on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming.
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.

Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing.
While to the stars,
Linked with the bars,
Hearts will forever be singing.

—Lydia Coonley Ward.

JUNE

Roses by the garden wall,
Poppies red and lilies tall,
Bobolinks and robins, — all
Tell that June is here.

JULY

The clover meadows call the bees,
The squirrels chatter on the trees,
And robins sing their merry lays:
Hurrah for glad vacation days!

AUGUST

Sing a song of harvest time,
When the golden grain is high,
When the blossoms blow,
And the sun in a glow
Sweeps over a cloudless sky.

THE SEASONS

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all,
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE MONTHS

In January falls the snow,
In February cold winds blow.

In March peep out the early flowers,
In April fall the sunny showers.

In May the tulips bloom so gay,
In June the farmer mows his hay.

In July harvest is begun,
In August hotly shines the sun.

September turns the green leaves brown,
October winds then shake them down.

November fields are brown and sere,
December comes and ends the year.

FOR THE GIRLS

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray.
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day: —

Be good, sweet maid,
And let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

FOR THE BOYS

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

WHAT WOULD I DO?

If I were a bird I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest in the old elm tree;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;
Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I'd do!

If I were a brook I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither and drink;"
Oh, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

If I were a star I would shine wide and bright
To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,
And travelers, lost in the desert and woods;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been
set,
For I am a child and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and, day after day,
Learn to read and to spell, and to add one,
two, and three.

Yet perhaps if I try I shall sometime find out
How the birds sing so sweetly, how the
roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-cov-
ered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high
overhead.

WORD LIST

Of the more difficult words of the lessons of the Third Reader not listed in the preceding books of the series.

The following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's New International Dictionary. The silent letters in the word list are printed in italics.

ā	māte	ī	pīne	ŭ	ŭs	c	can
å	sen′åte	ĭ	pĭn	û	fûr	ç=s	çent
ă	măt					g	get
ȧ	ȧsk	ō	nōte	o͝o	mo͝on	ġ=j	ġem
ä	jär	o̊	o̊ bey′	o͡o	fo͡ot	n̲=ng	in̲k
â	âir	ŏ	nŏt	oi	oil	s	so
		o̊͝	sŏft	ou	out	s̱=z	as̱
ē	wē	ô	lôrd			th	thin
e̊	be̊ fore′			oy	=oi toy	th	them
ĕ	wĕt	ū	ūse	ow	=ou cow	t͟ů	na′t͟ůre
ẽ	o′vẽr	ů	ů nite′	d͟ů	ver′d͟ůre		

ạ=ŏ	whạt	e̲	=ā they	ï=ē	po lïce′	ȯ=ŭ	sȯn
ã=ẽ	cel′lãr	ee	=ē feet	o̤=o͝o	mo̤ve	ṳ=o͝o	rṳde
a̤=ô	ca̤ll	ew	=ū few	o̤=o͡o	wo̤lf	ṳ=o͡o	fṳll
ê=â	thêre	ĩ	=ẽ ta′pĩr	õ	=ẽ com′fõrt	ȳ=ī	mȳ
ẽ=û	hẽr		=û gĩrl		=û wõrk	y̆=ĭ	cit′y̆

Ăb′nẽr
Ā′bra hăm
ăb′sençe
ac count′
ā′cre (*-kẽr*)
ăd vīçe′
a greed′
ăl′cōve
a̤l′dẽr
Ăl′īçe
a līght′
Ăl lē′gra
a lo͝of′
ăl′pha bĕt
a̤l rĕad′y̆
a̤l′tẽred
A mĕr′ĭ ca
a mūṣed′
ān′ġel
ăn̲′gry̆
ănt′lẽr
ăn′vĭl
ā′prĭ cot
Ā′prĭl
ar rīve′
ăr′rōw
ăr′rōw hĕad
a shōre′
ăt′tĭc
a̤u′burn
A̤u′gust
a wā̇t′
bā′con
băng′ing
băn′nẽr
bär′gain (*-gĕn*)
băr′rel
bāthe
bēard′ed
beâr′ing
beaū′tė ous
bė hōld′
bĕl′lōwṣ
bė lo͝ved′
bė nēath′
Bĕn′ja mĭn
Bĕth′lė hĕm
bė yŏnd′
Bī′ble
bĭs′cuĭt
bĭt′tẽr
blăck′smĭth
blăn̲′kĕt
blāz′ing
blīthe
blo͝od
Blў̆n̲′kĕn
bŏd′ĭeṣ
bŏd′y̆
boil′ẽr
Bŏn heûr′
boṣ′o͝m
bo͝t′to͝m
bough
brāke
brāke′man
breāk
breez′y̆
brĭm
bŭck′leṣ
bŭnd′ding
bū′gle
bŭnch
bur′ied (*bĕr′ĭd*)
bûrst′ing
bu̇sh′y̆
căb′ĭn
căn′dle
ca reer′
câre′fu̇l
câre′fu̇l lў̆
căr′rĭaġe
căt′tle
çēase
çĕl′lăr
chā̇n
chānġe
chānġe′fu̇l
chăr′ĭ ot
cheer
cheer′y̆
chĕr′rĭeṣ
chĕst′nŭt
chĭm′ney̆
choir (*kwīr*)
chōked
chŏp′ping
chōṣe
chŭb′by̆
Çĭn çĭn nā′tĭ
clăm′bẽr
clăm′bẽred
clásp
clĭffs
clĭng′ing
clōak
clŏṣ′ĕt
clōth′ing
Clō′vẽr no͞ok
Cly̆′tĭe̊
cōach
cōarse
cōast′ing
cōax
cŏf′fee (*-ĭ*)
cŏl′umn
co͞m′fo͞rt

com păn′ion (*-yun*)
cȯm′pass
con dŭc′tŏr
con fĕss′
cŏn′stant
cŏn′stant lў
con tĕnt′ed
cŏr′al
cȯr′nẽr
cŏt′*t*ā*g*e
cŏt′*t*on
couch
cō*u*rse
cō*u*rt
cō′zĭ lў
crăn′bĕr *r*ĭe*s*
crē*a*k
cre ā′tion (*-shun*)
crĕpt
crĕv′ĭ*ç*e
crĭm′*s*on
cro͝ok′ed
Crŏp′wĕll
cru′ĕl
cru′ĕl *l*ў
cru′el tў
crŭm*b*s
cŭb*s*
cûrb
cū′rĭ *o*us
cûrl
cŭr′*r*ants
cŭr′*r*ent
dā*i*n′tĭe*s*
dăm′ask
dăn′de lī ȯn
dān′*g*ẽr
dăsh′ing
da*u*gh′tĕr
da*u*n
dăz′*z*le
dĕ*a*th
Dĕb′ō ra*h*
De ̊ çĕm′bẽr
de ̊ cīd′ed
de ̊ lā*y*′
de ̊ lī*gh*t′
de ̊ lī*gh*t′ed
dī′a mȯnd
dĭm′lў
dĭp′*p*ẽr
dĭ rĕct′lў
dĭs cȯv′ẽr
dĭs′tan*ç*e
dĭs trĕss′
dĭs tûrb′
dī*v*e
dō*o*r′wā*y*
dȯz′*e*n
dråft
drēar′ў
drĭe*s*
drĭfts
drĭp′*p*ing
drown
drown*e*d
drown′ing
drŭmm*e*d
dŭn*ç*e
dŭst′ў
dū′tĭe*s*
dŭ′tў
dȳ′ing

*e*a′gẽr
*e*a′gle
*e*ar′lĭ ĕst
*e*ar′nĕst
*e*ar′rĭng*s*
*E*ast′ẽr
*e*at′*e*n
ĕch′ō
ĕd′u ̆cāt ed
ĕld′est
ĕlm
ĕlse′ whê*r*e
ĕm broid′ẽr
ĕm′prĕss
ĕmp′tў
ĕn cămped′
ĕn′e ̊ mĭe*s*
ĕn′e ̊ mў
ĕn ġĭ neer′
Eng′lish (*ĭn′glĭsh*)
Eng′lĭsh man
ĕn joy*e*d′
e ̊ nôr′m*o*us
*E*r′nĕst
ĕr′*r*and
ĕs cāpe′
*E*s′kĭ mō
ē*v*e
ex act′lў (*ĕg zăkt′-*)
ĕx clā*i*m′
ĕx′ĭle
ĕx trēme′
ĕx trēme′lў

Fâ*i*r′făx
fa*l*se′hoo͝d
fā′m*o*us
făn′çĭe*s*
făn′çў
fâ*r*e wĕll′
fär′thẽr

făsh′*i*o̤n*ed*
făth′o̤m
fa̤*u*lt
fĕ*a*th′ẽr y̆
Fĕb′rṳ a̤ ry̆
fee′ble
fee′bly̆
feed′ing
feel′ing
Fẽr′dy̆ năn*d*
fẽrn
fĕs′ty̆ val
fy̆′ẽr y̆
fy̆f′teenth
fy̆n̲′gẽr
fy̆n′y̆sh
fy̆re′ly̆*gh*t
fy̆re′man
flăshed
fleeç*e*
fleeç′y̆
flour
flṳt*e*
flŭt′tẽr
fō*a*m′ing
fo͞ot′stĕp
fōrç*e*
fōrd′ed
fŏr ĕv′ẽr
fōrġ*e*
fōrth
Fra̤nç*e*
free′dom
freeze
fri̇ĕnd′ly̆
fri̇*gh*t′*e*n
frŏl′y̆c
frŏst′ed
frown
fū′nẽr al
fûr′nĭ tu̇̆re
fŭr′*r*ōw̱s̱
fûr′*r*y̆
fûr′thẽr
gă̈l′*l*ẽr y̆
gām*e*
gär′*d*en ẽr
gär′ment
găth′ẽr
ga̤*u*z′y̆
ġĕn′ẽr al
ġĕn′tl*e* man
g*h*ōst
glăd′*d*en̲s̱
glȧnç*e*
glee
glōb*e*
glōw′ing
gown
grā′cious (*-shus*)
grā*i*n
grăm′*m*ăr
gra̤sp
greed
Greek
greet′ing̲s̱
gri̇ēf
gri̇ēve
grīnd′ing
gro̤*u*p
growled
gu̇ĕst
gŭst
găb′y̆t
hälf
hä*l*ve̲s̱
Hä′nä
hăn′dled
hăp′*p*en
hăp′*p*ī nĕss
här′bōr
här′nĕss
härsh
hāst*e*
hās′*t*en̲s̱
hāz*e*
hĕ*a*d
hĕ*a*d′qua̤r′tẽr̲s̱
hĕ*a*lth′y̆
hĕ*a*v′*e*n
he*igh*t
hĕr′*r*ĭng
Hĭn′dṳ
hō*a*rd
hōe′ing
hŏl′*l*ōw
hōme′stĕ*a*d
*h*ŏn′ĕst
*h*ŏn′ĕs ty̆
ho͞od′ed
ho͞ofs
hōpe′fṳl
hŏpped
house′hōld
howled
hūġ*e*
hū′man
hŭm′ble
hŭn̲′gry̆
hûrled
hu̇*r* rä*h*′
hŭr′*r*y̆ed
hŭr′*r*y̆
hûrt′ing
hy̆m*n*s̱

īçe′bẽrg

ĭ′çy̆
ĭ′dly̆
ĭm′ăġe
ĭm pā′tience
(*-shens*)
ĭn clōse′
Ĭn dī ăn′a
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn tĕnd′ing
ĭn′tẽr ĕst ing
ĭn vīte′
Ĭṣ a bĕl′*la*
ĭs′landṣ
īsleṣ
ī′vy̆

Jā′cȯb
Jăn′ŭ ă ry̆
Ja păn′
Jăp a nēṣe′
jäun′ty̆
jąwṣ
joined
joy′ous
jụịçe
Jụne
jŭn′gle
jŭs′tĭçe

Kāte
Ken tŭck′y̆

kēy′hōle
kĭnd′ly̆
kĭng′dȯm
*k*nāve
*k*neeṣ
*k*nĕlt
*k*nīveṣ
*k*nŏcked
*k*nŏwl′ĕdġe

lāin
lămb′kĭn
lăn′guăġe
lạwn
lā′zy̆
lēad′ẽr
lēap′ing
lē′ġiȯn
lĕv′el
lī*ght*′nĭng
līmbṣ
lĭmp′ing
Lĭn′cȯln
lĭs′tened
lō cȯ mō′tĭve
lōne′sȯme
Lȯng′fĕl *lōw*
lōōm
lōōsed
lȯss

lōw′landṣ
lōw′ly̆
lŭlled

măġ′ĭc
māid′en
māid′sẽrv ant
măn′nẽr
mā′ple
märsh
măt′*tr*ĕss
May
mēal
mēan
mĕant
meas′ure
(*mĕzh′ŭr*)
mĕd′*dl*e
mĕm′ŏ ry̆
Mẽr′lĭn
mẽr′*r*ī ĕst
mĭd′vein
mī*ght*′y̆
mĭl′*l*ion (*-yun*)
mĭn′ĭs tẽr
mĭn′ute (*-ŭt*)
mīr′*r*ŏr
mĭs′chief
mĭs′trĕss
mĭt′tenṣ

mŏd′el
mō′ment
mŏn′stẽr
mọōn′lĭt
mōōn′shīne
mō′tion (*-shun*)
mouth′fụl
mŭ ṣē′um
mū′ṣĭc
mu si′cian
(*mŭ zĭsh′an*)
mŭs′kĕt

Na hănt′
nāi*l*ed
năn keen′
nā′tĭve
nạu*gh*′ty̆
nĕck′lāçe
ne*igh*′bȯrṣ
ne*igh*′ing
nĕt′wȯrk
newṣ′pā pẽr
New Yȯrk
nĭb′*b*ling
nī*ght*′gown
Ni′ña (*nēn′yä*)
nīne′teen
nō′ble
nō′bŏd y̆

noiṣ′ў
nŏn′sĕnse
nôrth′ĕrn
nŏs′trĭlṣ
nō′tĭçe
Nó vĕm′bẽr
nûrs′ẽr ў

ó blīġed′
ob ṣẽrve′
Ŏc tō′bẽr
ŏf′fẽr
ŏf′fĭçe
ŏf′fĭ çẽrṣ
once (*wŭns*)
ō′pen ing
ŏp′pó ṣĭte
ôr′chârd
ō′rĭ ōle
ôr′na ment
ō vẽr lo͝ok′
owl′ĕt
ōwn′ẽr
ŏx′en

păck′ăġe
păcked
păd′dle
pāid
pâir
pāne
Păr′a dīse
pär′dŏn
Păr′ĭs
pär′lŏr
păr′rŏt
pär′tĭeṣ
păs′ṡăġe
păs′ṡen ġẽrṣ
pass′ẽrṣ
pass′eṣ
pas′tu͝re
pā′tient (*-shent*)
păt′tẽr ing
pa͡uṣe
peâr
peeped
pĕl′ĭ can
pĕn′çĭl
pẽrch
pĕr′ĭsh
Phā′ĕ thŏn
Phœ′be (*fē′bē*)
pĭ ăz′za
pĭck′leṣ
pi͡ēçe
pī′ġeon
pīl′lōwṣ
Pĭn′tä
pīpes

plāi͡n′lў
plăn′ĕt
plăn̲k
plănned
plăt′fôrm
plāy′fĕl lōw
plow′ing
plŭmp
plụm′ў
plŭnġed
pŏck′ĕts
pōked
pó līte′
pŏp côrn
pōrch
pŏs′ṡĭ ble
pōst
pōst′ăġe
pó tā′tōeṣ
pounçed
pōured
prāi͡ṣe
prăn̲k
prâyerṣ
prēach′ẽr
prĕ′cious (*-shus*)
prĕssed
prīde
prīm′rōṣe
Prĭnçe

prĭnt
prĭnt′ẽr
prīze
pró ces′sion (*-sĕsh′un*)
pró mōt′ed
prŏp′ẽr
pró tĕct′
proud′lў
pró vīde′
pró vīd′ing
prowled
prowl′ing
pru͡′dent
pŭb′lĭc
pu͡d′di͡ng
pŭmped
pŭmp′kĭn
pŭn′ĭsh
pŭp′pў
pu͡sh′ing

quāi͡l
quĕs′tions (*-chunz*)
quĭck
quī′ĕt lў
quĭlt

răck′ĕt
răg′gĕd

rāl′rōad
răs̱p′bĕr rĭes̱
răt′tlĭng
rēared
rēa′s̱on
rē çēive′
rē frĕsh′ing
re̱in′deer
rē joiçe′
rĕl′a tĭves̱
rē māin′
rē pēat′
rē pōs̱e′
rĕv′ẽr ençe
rē ward′
rī′fle
rīp′en ing
rĭs̱′en
rōam
rōast
rŏck′ў
rōll′ing
Rŏl′lō
Rō′s̱a
rough (*rŭf*)
Ru̱′dў
rŭf′fle
rŭs′tle
rŭs′tling
rŭst′ў

săd′dest
săd′nĕss
Săn′tă Mă rī′ă
sash′es̱
săt′ĭn
sau̱′çẽr
scăm′pẽr
*sch*ŏl′ăr
scōld
scout
scrăm′ble
scrătch*e*d
scrēam
screen
sēal
sēal′skin
sēa′pōrt
sẽarch
sĕc′ònd
sẽ lĕct′ed
Sĕp tĕm′bĕr
sẽr′mòn
sĕv′ẽr al
sew′ing (*sō-*)
sĕx′tòn
shăg′gў
shām*e*
sha̱wl
shĕl′tẽr
shĕp′*h*ẽrd

shôrt
shōul′dẽr
shŭt′*tle*
sīgn
Sī′las
sī′lençe
sta̱lk
sī′lent lў
sīze
skĕtch
skĭrts
slĕ*dge*
sleet
sle̱*igh*
slĭpped
slōp′ing
slŭg′*g*ărd
slŭm′bẽr
slў
smĕl′*l*ing
smīl′ing
snăp
snătch
snōw′flāke
snōw′ў
sŏbbed
sō′fa
sŏl′emn
sō′lĭ tūdes̱
spär′kling

spĭll
splĕn′dŏr
spŭn
squeeze
squĭr′rĕl
sta̱lk
stär′lĭt
stär′rў
stēam
stĕp′lădd*ẽr*
stew
stĭtch
stō′len
stō̄ōl
stōre′house
strān′gẽr
strĕngth
strĕtch′es̱
strōk′ing
strŭg′gles̱
stū′dĭ ō
stŭffed
suc çĕss′
sŭd′den
sŭd′den lў
sŭf′fẽr
sŭf′fẽr ing
sug′ar(*shō̄g′ẽr*)
sŭn̲k′en
su*p* plīed′

sûr′fâçe
sur roundṣ′
sur vey′
sur veẏ′ŏr
swăm
swąmp
swąrm
sweet′brī ẽr
swĕll
swōrd
sỳc′a mōre
sỳm′pa thỹ

tăl′lōw
tąsk
tăs′sel
tąught
tĕmpt
tĕr′rĭ ble
tĕr rĭf′ĭc
tĕr′rŏr
thătched
thąw
thĭrd
thou′ṣand
thrĕad
thrĕshed
threw (-o͞o)
thrŏng

Thûrṣ′dȧy
tĭm′ĭd
tĭn′kled
tŏm′tĭt
to͞olṣ
Tō′rä
tŏss′eṣ
tow′ẽred
trăck
trāin′ing
trĕad
trēat
trĕs′tle
trĭck′led
tro͞op
troŭ′ble sȯme
trou′ṣẽrṣ
trŭn′dle
trŭnk
truth
truth′fụl
tŭm′ble
tūne
tûr′tle
tŭsk
twĭn′kle
twĭst

ŭn dẽr tāke′
ŭn seen′
ŭn truth′
ŭn truthṣ′
ŭp′rīght
ûrge

Văl′en tīne
vāleṣ
văl′leў
veil
vein
vẽ răn′da
Vẽr′nȯn
vĕst
vĭc′tŏ rў
vĭṣ′ĭt

wăgged
wāit′ing
wąn′dẽr
wątch′dŏg
wăx
wāy′sīde
wēa′rў
weep
weigh
wĕl′cȯme
whāle
wheel′băr rōw

ŭn dẽr nēath′

whĕnçe
whĕth′ẽr
whīn′ing
whĭrlṣ
whĭs′tle
whĭs′tling
whīt′en
whōle
who͞op
wĭcks
wĭl′dẽr nĕss
wĭn′dōw
wĭn′trў
wĭth′ẽred
wĭth ĭn′
wĭz′ărd
wọlf
wȯn
wȯn′dẽr
wo͞od′en
wōrmṣ
wọund′ed
wrēath
wrēathṣ
wr̃ĕcked
wrōng
Wў̆nk′en

yĕlled

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